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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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EDITORIALS

Only Half a Step Left To End a Disgrace

7 ITHOUT having seen the precise statute by which the Government intends to bring Canada the right to amend her own constitution, we think the move is a good one, at least in principle.

The present state of things is a national disgrace, and it's nobody's fault but our own.

Eighteen years ago, by the Statute of Westminster, the British Parliament voluntarily gave up all right to legislate for the free dominions. The Colonial Office abandoned its right of veto, which in practice hadn't been used for years anyway. Dominion Parliaments were given the right "to repeal or amend any (British) act, order, rule or regulation in so far as the same is part of the law of the Dominion."

In the Statute of Westminster now there is only one limitation on that full adult freedom of the Commonwealth nations - and to Canada's shame, it had to be put in at Canada's request. "Nothing in this Act shall be deemed to apply to the repeal, amendment or alteration of the British North America Act."

Canada didn't know how to amend her own

Canada hadn't been able to get agreement among its own races, regions and factions on a method of changing the rules under which they

all operate as a nation. So Canada had to ask that we still be allowed to pass the buck to the Old Country.

Ever since, the system has grown increasingly intolerable. The British Parliament, having wisely and willingly given up all right to interfere in our affairs, found itself periodically asked to enact legislation which it could not debate, could not amend. It became a rubber stamp for our convenience. The British have been unfailingly polite about this but we couldn't expect them to like it.

The obvious thing is to call a Dominionprovincial conference to work out a way of avoiding this mutual humiliation, and the Federal Government is doing just that. But meanwhile, it is taking an initiative of its own. It will ask, regardless of the result of that conference, for the right to amend the B.N.A. Act in so far as purely federal matters are concerned.

This will make our constitution a curious hybrid. Half of it will be amendable at home; for the other half, we still must go to London. But the very absurdity of this situation may prove to be a stimulus to provincial governments to agree, quickly and firmly, on a way to deal with their half of the act.

This cannot come too soon.

Menagerie on Parliament Hill

OMPARED to their American colleagues, Canadian cartoonists are an underprivileged group. The Republican elephant and the Democratic donkey, symbols whose origin is lost in the murky history of party politics, are godsends to the time-pressed creators of pictorial lampoons.

Why can't Canadian parties adopt mascot animals too?

For the Liberals the choice is obvious—the turtle. This sober and respectable beast is noted for two qualities above all, his extraordinary longevity and his rate of speed. The turtle hurries under one circumstance, and one only-when he has reason to believe that he has stuck his neck out. He pulls it back into his shell with remarkable celerity.

Progressive Conservatives have more of a problem. Unkind foes might nominate the dodo,

or the great auk, but this is obviously unfair. Far from being extinct, the Conservative is still among the relatively common fauna in certain regions; large herds may be seen at their traditional watering places.

A better symbol of the PC's would be the penguin-numerous enough in its own territory, but not widely distributed. The penguin is impeccable in appearance, not very fast on its feet, and is readily recognized even by people who have never seen one before.

We aren't so sure about the CCF. Perhaps the unicorn, an animal whose prowess is supported by a large body of myth and legend but not yet verified. Or perhaps the mule, a hardy and intractable beast which often proves unexpectedly formidable to the unwary but which is born of incompatible parents and is unable to reproduce its kind.

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Progress in fighting DIABETES



One of the final steps in the extraction of purified insulin from pancreas glands. Here a solution of insulin is being filtered. It is later adjusted to meet dosage requirements of individual

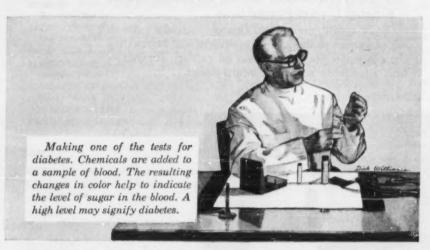
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In addition, it has been discovered that diabetes can be produced experimentally with a substance called alloxan, as well as by other means. This may shed new light on how and why the disease develops. Various studies, including research with radioactive isotopes, also offer hope for important advances in the treatment, and perhaps the prevention, of diabetes.



What You Can Do...

Recent surveys indicate that in addition to the thousands of known diabetics, other thousands of people in our country have diabetes and are unaware of it. So it is wise for everyone to keep alert for these warning signals - excessive thirst, hunger, or urination, continual fatigue, or loss of weight. It is important to see a doctor at once if any of these conditions appear.

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In the **Editors' Confidence**

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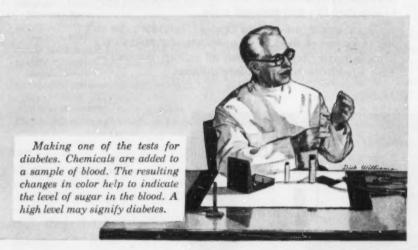
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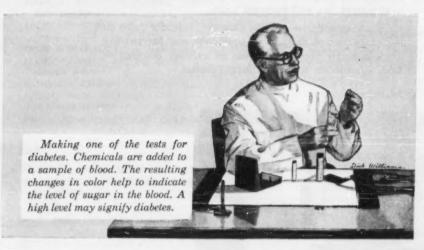
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Allen shares the sports pages and what must be the most crowded office in the history of Canadian journalism with another Maclean's contributor, Ted Reeve.

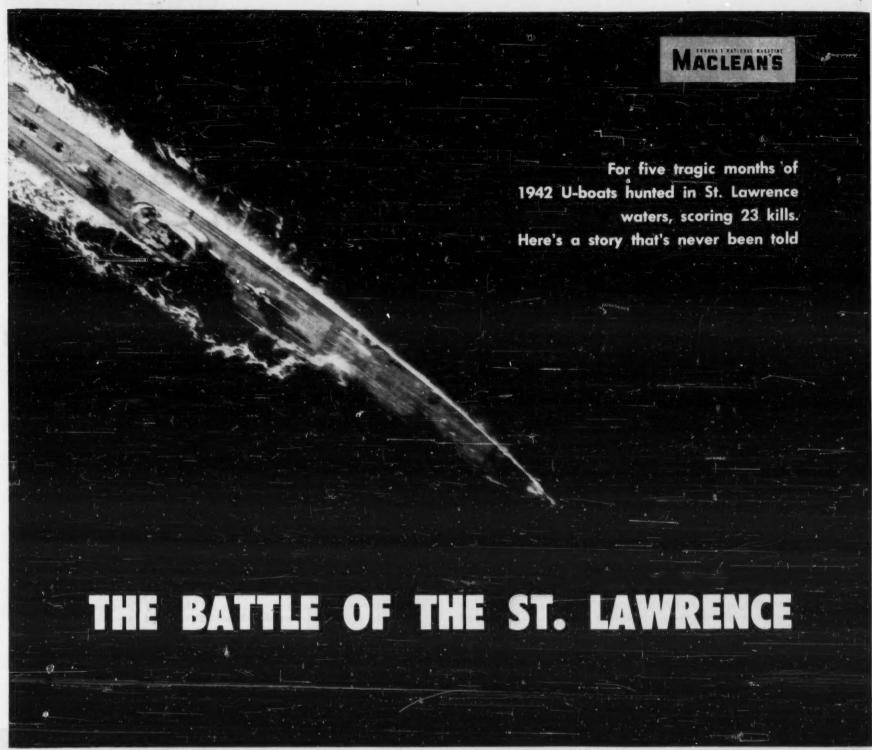
Reeve will again pick our All-Canadian rugby team in the issue of Dec. 1 about the time the East-West final i; being played. This team has been called the nearest thing to an official all-star team in Canada and has some of the status that makes Grantland Rice's choices news in the U. S. each fall. Ted has been west this year again and will base his selection on a look at just about every senior player in the nation.

Just to keep you in condition and informed until then, Trent Frayne is taking you behind the box office to see where the money comes from (and goes to) in Canada's booming two-million-dollar football business with his story "Halfbacks, Greenbacks and Red Ink" on page 20.



A . J. CASSON made the original sketch for this cover along the Madawaska River near the east border of Algonquin Park in Northern Ontario early in October. He said about this sketching expedition:

"This whole section is full of deer and it was a common occurrence to see several while working. Sitting still for a considerable length of time, as one does while sketching, is an ideal way to see wild life. These creatures seem to accept one as part of the landscape and go about their business as if no stranger were there."



A German submarine (probably U-517) streaks along the surface of the St. Lawrence seeking a victim. This photo, published here for the first time, was taken from an RCAF Hudson which attacked the U-boat, but missed. The Nazis' bag totalled 70,000 tons.

By JACK McNAUGHT

Part One

N MAY 12, 1942, newspapers all across Canada screamed with headlines telling that a merchant ship had just been sunk in the St. Lawrence River by an enemy submarine. In Ottawa that afternoon a rumor got around that not one but two ships had been sunk.

Next morning in the House of Commons a member asked the Hon. Angus L. MacDonald, Minister for Naval Services, whether the rumor was true. MacDonald explained that a policy of strict secrecy had been adopted for security reasons. "But," he added, "I think I should tell the House that another ship was sunk in the same general locality, at about the same time."

The news had already been broadcast by the German radio, which announced with great glee and a special chime of bells that the sinkings had produced tremendous consternation in Canada. They hadn't, but nobody felt any easier in his mind knowing that the enemy had now struck in

the great river that led deep into the country's

But from that spring day in 1942 until the end of the war the curtain of secrecy was lifted only occasionally to give guarded and carefully screened glimpses of what was happening along the St. Lawrence and in the Gulf. Even today most Canadians have little more than a dim idea of the river war, and many a citizen has never heard about it at all. Up to now only a few senior officers and cabinet ministers have ever known the full story.

There was good reason to keep it dark. In the five months the attacks lasted 23 ships were torpedoed, totaling 70,000 tons. And in them 700 people were killed by the crashing blast of explosions, by drowning, or by exposure to bitter weather.

That was the truth. The rumors were something else again.

Toward the end of August, 1942, three small transports carrying United States personnel and supplies to Goose Bay on the coast of Labrador were torpedoed in the Strait of Belle Isle. Two

of the ships sank and 250 lives were lost. A week later on the other side of the Atlantic, in Gourock, Scotland, a Canadian officer was told the story—with a couple of rather striking differences. A convoy of huge troop-carriers had been cut to pieces and 6,000 soldiers had been drowned.

Late that summer of 1942 strange tales began to reach Montreal from various summer resorts along the south shore of the St. Lawrence. Parties of German officers and men were landing in dinghies from U-boats in the river, dressed in Canadian naval uniforms and speaking perfect English, and having themselves a wonderful time dancing with pretty girls at the local pavilion.

The facts in this case were that now and again, when their hard-worked little ships were nearby for a few hours, Canadian sailors came ashore on short leave, with the full knowledge and consent of their envious captains, who mostly had to stay on board and try to catch up with their paper work.

A small coastal schooner put in for supplies one afternoon at a port on the north shore of the river.

Next day it was common knowledge for hundreds of miles on either

Continued on page 68

The right Radio Phonograph

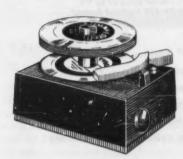
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RWIN: May we ask, Mr. Minister, what is our foreign policy, where it is going and what are its objectives?

THE MINISTER: That's a good question, but it's not an easy one to answer for a country like Canada. Let me try it this way. In economic policy the objective of our foreign policy is simple. It is to bring about the widest possible area and volume of trade on a multilateral basis. It always has been. So far as other aspects of foreign policy are concerned our basic objective is peace and the avoidance of conflict. You may say that peace isn't a policy, it's a prayer. Maybe. But that prayer should be the ultimate objective of everything we do in our relations with other countries—to avoid conflict and maintain peace.

FRASER: Not at any price, though?

THE MINISTER: No, not at any price. Peace with liberty, and, if you like, with justice. If our freedom were in danger we would protect it. If we were attacked, of course, we would defend ourselves. But we haven't many concrete objectives in our foreign policy in the sense that some countries have.

We have no territorial ambitions; we have no old grudges that shape our foreign policy. We have certainly no expansionist ideas. We have all the geography that we can handle, and we're not interested in ideological crusades.

IRWIN: Is it possible for a country like Canada to have a really independent foreign policy or are we just a tail to the American State Department or, say, the British Foreign Office?

THE MINISTER: I don't think we're the tail to any foreign office, the U. S. State Department or any other. There is some truth, of course, in your suggestion that we are influenced by the views of other countries. But no country can have complete independence today in its foreign policy, because no country can now guarantee its own security by its own actions. Not even the United States—

FRASER: Not even the biggest-?

THE MINISTER: Not even the United States. And if that is true, then no country, certainly no middle or small Power, can follow a completely independent foreign policy. But that doesn't mean we are necessarily a satellite revolving in a fixed course around some larger planet.

IRWIN: Would you say that one of the basic tenets of our policy is that we must not get into trouble with the United States?

THE MINISTER: Well, certainly not into serious trouble. It would be folly if we didn't work very closely with the United States. But that doesn't mean we have to be subservient to every aspect of United States policy. Not at all. We are not, for instance, a satellite of the United States in the sense that we do whatever the United States tells us to do in continental defense.

IRWIN: In other words, there are times when we tell them?

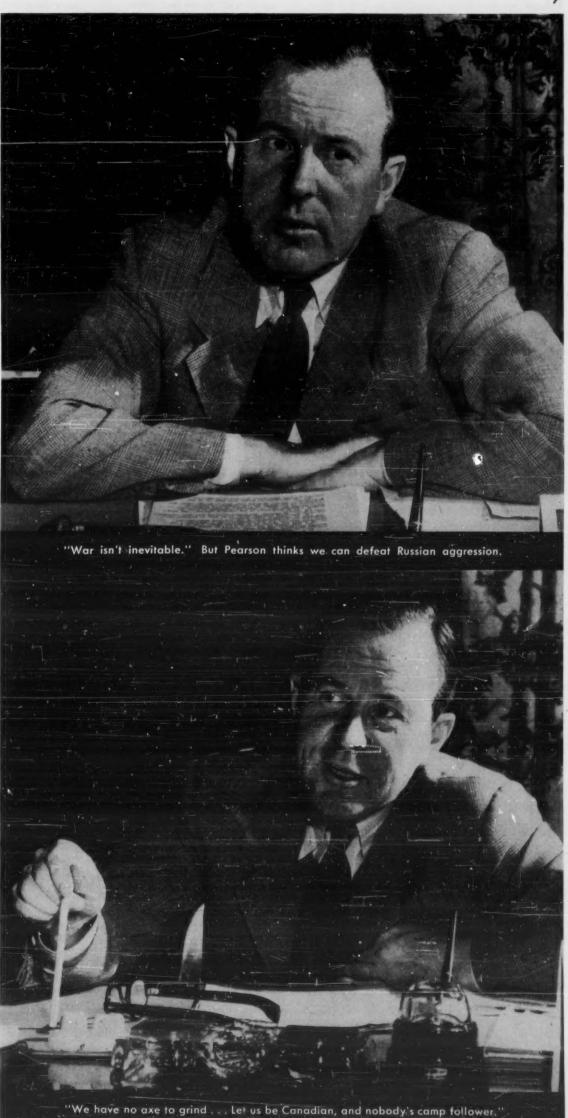
THE MINISTER: Well, there are times when we have to differ with them. I could mention seven or eight matters on which we have differed with the United States and, on some occasions at least, our views may have influenced United States policy.

FRASER: Could you put that list or some of it on the record?

THE MINISTER: I could put some of it on the record. We have differed with the United States at the United Nations in certain aspects of Palestine policy, though our basic objectives in that policy were the same.

We have differed with the United States on Indonesia. We refused on one occasion in the Security Council of the United Nations to support a resolution proposed by the United States on Indonesia which was supported also by the United Kingdom. We voted against it and we spoke

Continued on page 62



STRAIGHT TALK FROM MIKE PEARSON

The man who speaks for Canada abroad says bluntly in this exclusive tape-recorded interview with Maclean's that we won't be anybody's satellite. Here's our foreign policy, nailed down plank by plank

In The article which follows, Maclean's presents the frankest, the most authoritative and most complete statement of Canada's foreign policy ever to appear in a magazine. It is the result of an interview, lasting an hour and a half, between the Minister of External Affairs, Hon. Lester Bowles Pearson, O.B.E., and Arthur Irwin, editor of Maclean's, and Blair Fraser, the magazine's Ottawa editor.

Every question and answer went on a tape recorder, a machine about the size of a portable typewriter. Nothing could be further from the traditions of secret diplomacy than this three-way conversation, but Pearson believes Canadians should know where their Government stands on the vital issues involved in the country's foreign policy.

Here, then, is Canadian foreign policy sketched out in general, examined in the particular. Here is a discussion of how we stand on the cold war, of how this country could be involved if it turned into a hot war. Here is the official Canadian attitude toward Marshal Tito in his quarrel with the Kremlin; to Franco's Spain; to Britain and the United States.

Here is the official view of the problem of Western Germany and the commitments we have made through the Atlantic Pact. Here's our policy on The Bomb. Pearson is a very unusual Minister of External Affairs. Almost everybody who knows him well calls him "Mike." After 20 years as a professional diplomat he probably carries more state secrets in his head than any other Canadian. No man in his position can tell all he knows, but Pearson believes in telling as much as he can.

believes in telling as much as he can.

Shortly before Parliament opened Maclean's approached him with this idea of a recorded interview. After taking a day to think it over, he consented.

day to think it over, he consented.

At 10 a.m. one day in September Editors Irwin and Fraser went to the Minister's office in Ottawa's venerable East Block of the Parliament Buildings. Earlier, with the Minister, they had run through a list of questions they wanted to ask. He thought some were pretty tough but undertook to answer all of them. The picture below was taken while the interview was in progress. The Minister is at his desk, Irwin is at the left, Fraser at the right.

The complete interview taken off the tape by stenographers ran 13,000 words. Maclean's editors by careful condensation cut this to 8,000 and submitted the resulting copy to the Minister. He asked that one question and answer be omitted okayed the rest

answer be omitted, okayed the rest.

The interview begins at the top of the next page.

PHOTOS BY NEWTON



who'd play love only for keeps

About Harry, the comedian, who played everything for laughs. And Lois, the beautiful eyeful, Every summer. They never find what they want because they don't know what it looks like." His voice stayed even. "A lot of them have made passes at Lois Randall. She doesn't like it. Neither do I."

"Pal," said Harry, getting up, "I am free, broke, and twenty-nine. I will herd one of your unarmored tanks all over this junior paradise. I will make your customers split their wallets with laughter, and gold will run in the streets. I also will eat in Randall's, and any place else I choose." He smiled easily, knowing he was pushing his luck but liking the independence. "Provided, that is, and it says

here, I still get the job."

Peterson appraised him for a long moment, then shrugged. "You're the kind who has to find out everything the hard way. Personally, I'd tell you to keep right on drifting, buddy-if we weren't opening the airport this week. We need drivers." He tossed some pamphlets on the desk. "Read these. You'll ride with Dennis a couple of days. Martin, across the hall, will fix up your insurance and assign you a cottage. Be here at eight in the morning.

Harry just sat, and grinned. "Care to rent a good watch?"

Peterson hesitated, then drew a few crumpled bills from his pocket. He separated two.

go farther in a company restaurant."
"Do tell," said Harry pleasantly. "Do tell."
Waiting with Castro, the porter, Harry leaned against the wall of the airport control tower. The morning sun was full of heat, sowing beads of perspiration along Continued on page 47



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Harry had given laughs to a great many people in the clubs he'd worked in back East. They had told him he was very funny; a born comedian.

He liked laughter. Perhaps because he had never known enough of it, himself, growing up. He liked laughter so much that sometimes he willingly made a glorious fool of himself just to hear the sound of it. Trying for laughs had become a habit, as much a part of him as his tentative grin, his restlessness, his long face with its sardonic eyebrows. Only, sometimes, people didn't

WHEN she had brought the shrimp, he said, W "I wasn't making a pass. I'm serious. Maybe you're not the right one to ask."

She was slim with steady grey eyes that were wary. Working in a resort, he thought, would do that for a girl. "I've lived here all my life," she that for a girl. "I've lived here all my life," she said quietly. "My father owns this restaurant. If

there was a spot open I'd know."
"What an island!" He smiled. "All the natives

"No. But if you're a drifter, you picked the wrong place. These clubs hire on full summer Unless someone gets sick, or engagements. jumps the island."

"Always room for a good man," said Harry, "to coin a cliché." He began to worry a little. "Listen,' he said seriously, "I've been told I'm very funny."

She looked at him with tolerance. He got it, all right. "I was okay for the smaller places," he explained. "I took a crack at the big time—radio. The guy said I wasn't quite ready, yet."
Well, it hadn't been exactly like that, admitted

Harry to himself as she moved away. Vic Matti had said he smelled out loud. Matti had said he was about as funny as a coroners' convention. Matti had waved that cigar with an imperiousness that often comes with quick success. "People come to me looking for top, grade A merchandise. They take my word for it. I can't afford to give them a bum deal, and I got to make up my mind fast. It's a fast business, y'know." Matti had squinted. "About you, kid, it's made up. Your stuff is stale."

Thirty-seven clubs ringing with laughter had told Harry he was ready for big time. Only, Vic Matti, the agent, the guy who could make you or break you -well, Matti wasn't having any. But he will, thought Harry; he will. That's what I get for chasing him. I should have him chasing me.

The girl came back with coffee "It's like fishing," Harry told her. "Last time, I was the fish and another guy was the bait. Whoever heard of a fish hooking the bait?" He wagged a solemn finger. "Next time, I'm the bait."

She looked at him as though he were very odd. Casually, he cocked one of his trick eyebrows. He could raise one and lower the other, simultaneously. It height ened his puckish, quizzical appearance. "'Tis indeed a black day for the Black Irish," Harry "Could mourned in dialect.

And sun, that guid'st the day, Ye glittering stars of night, To Him your homage pay. His praise declare, Ye heavens above, And clouds that float on liquid air.

As he draws out the last line in a quavering tenor he empties a vessel of liquid air into a huge It makes such a tremendous vapor cloud that the professor appears to be floating on liquid air himself. ("I should stop singing," he said in his office later. "I used to have a rather good voice, but it's not so good any more.")

Students Under Fire

FROM THEN ON the lecture begins to get boisterous. One cubic centimeter of liquid air evaporates into about 800 c.c. of ordinary gaseous As, due to the relative heat of everything it touches, it's always boiling, to cork it up is like plugging up a steam boiler. To demonstrate this expansive nature of liquid air Satterly pours some into a container about the size of a foot of bologna, rams in a cork and casually points it at the audience.

He stands there, the picture of innocence, while the students make a sprawling effort to get out of the line of fire. The cork travels only about 20 feet, but the general effect is unnerving.

To show how rapidly liquid air freezes organic material rock-hard Satterly freezes a goldfish, recites, "When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream, Shall o'er me roll," and hits it with a hammer. The goldfish shatters around the lecture room like a soda biscuit. He used to get letters from the S.P.C.A. about this, but actually it's not as cruel as putting a hook through a fish's mouth.

Moving like a soda jerk on Sunday afternoon he dips daffodils into liquid air (to serve science, they are ready to die), crumbles them like wafers and tosses the fragments at the students; freezes and shatters bacon, after tasting it and pronouncing 'Swifts'; molds a hammer out of frozen mercury and threatens to brain one of the students.

He freezes alcohol, rubber, eggs, which he first holds up to the light to make sure that he doesn't "take life."

He gives everyone a jolt by sighing, "Ah, it's a thirsty job," pouring about an eggcupful of liquid air into a glass and tossing it off.

Actually he just takes it into his mouth and

spits it out again. The inside of the mouth is so hot by comparison that the liquid air skitters around on a cushion of steam the way a drop of water does on a red-hot stove. The trick is to get rid of it before it freezes everything solid.

The professor has become pretty good at it. For a moment he looks and sounds like a pressure cooker. "You just hold it there until you hear the enamel on your teeth cracking," he says

Professor Satterly talks to the liquid, twiddles his fingers, fusses around and at times appears possessed. He smashes things deliriously and throws them out at the audience.

Liquid air, like gaseous air, is made up of oxygen and nitrogen. But the nitrogen boils off faster and by the time the demonstration is nearly over the vessels contain almost pure oxygen. substances that burn in air burn much more rapidly and brilliantly in oxygen.

To demonstrate this Satterly goes offstage, reappears in an cir-raid warden's helmet, carrying a torch, and begins to make and detonate bombs. He gathers up the liquid oxygen, pours it over waste, sets tin cans over the charge and touches it off.

From then on things look like the last night of a carnival. For a grand finale the professor, using the same principle, makes liquid-oxygen-propelled rockets and shoots them over the squealing, cheering audience.

Savant With Humor

A FEW OF Professor Satterly's colleagues take a dim view of his introducing horseplay into the field of physics. They feel that the teaching of science is something that should be attended by a certain dignity and dry, academic detachment.

"When he starts playing the clown," one faculty member said stiffly, "I take no notice of him." But most of the faculty members follow his antics with fond amusement and he's a big favorite with the students who regard him as something between a scientific genius and a one-man band.

At 70 Professor John Satterly, D.Sc. (London), M.A., A.R.C.Sc., author of several textbooks in physics as well as pamphlets on experiments and research in radioactivity, surface tension, viscosity, and helium, is neither dignified, dry nor detached. He's right in there having the time of his life. As he's recognized Continued on page 58



A goldfish gives his life to Satterly's science.



Steaming like a pressure cooker he takes a shot

Toronto students duck and squeal as the professor (with helmet) sends paper rockets powered by liquid oxygen buzzing over their heads. Even daffodils get into his show. of liquid air. But he doesn't swallow. He lets it go before his teeth and tongue freeze solid.





RICE & WELL

CARNIVAL IN THE CLASSROOM

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

PROFESSOR John Satterly's annual demonstration of liquid air to the first-year science students at the University of Toronto is a noisy, smoky, fast-moving scientific free-for-all that goes on for about an hour and a half amid cheers, laughs, crashing glass, shattered goldfish, breaking balloons, rockets and explosions. At times it comes about as close to burlesque as you can get without a chorus.

It takes place in the galleried main lecture room of McLennan Laboratory. The students begin piling into and over the semicircular tiers of seats two hours ahead of time.

Sharp at noon Satterly appears amid wild cheers, wearing a scarlet-and-yellow gown and a weird hat like a velvet pancake. This, he explains, is the

gown worn by a doctor of science at the University of London. With a dead-pan expression and the gestures of a professional stripper he begins to remove it, acknowledging the hilarious shouts of "more!" with a couple of passes at his vest

"more!" with a couple of passes at his vest.

Liquid air is air that has been compressed, cooled
by refrigeration and allowed to expand suddenly,
which cools it still further until it reaches a fantastically low point and condenses into a liquid.
This liquid is roughly 300 degrees below zero on
the common Fahrenheit scale, so cold that any
object at normal temperature, such as a table, is
red hot by comparison.

Satterly gives a hurried explanation of the process of making liquid air as if he can't wait to get on with the show.

"There are no references to liquid in scripture," he tells the students. "The earliest known reference you'll find in the poem 'The Faerie Queene' by Edmund Spenser." In his thin English voice he recites:

Who all their while with charmes and hidden arts, Had made a Lady of that other Spright.

And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes, So lively, and so like in all men's sight.

The professor has a fine dead-pan style of pulling off these jokes.

"If you'll turn to hymn number 669," he says in churchly tones, produces an Anglican hymn book, and sings: "Thou moon that rul'st the night,

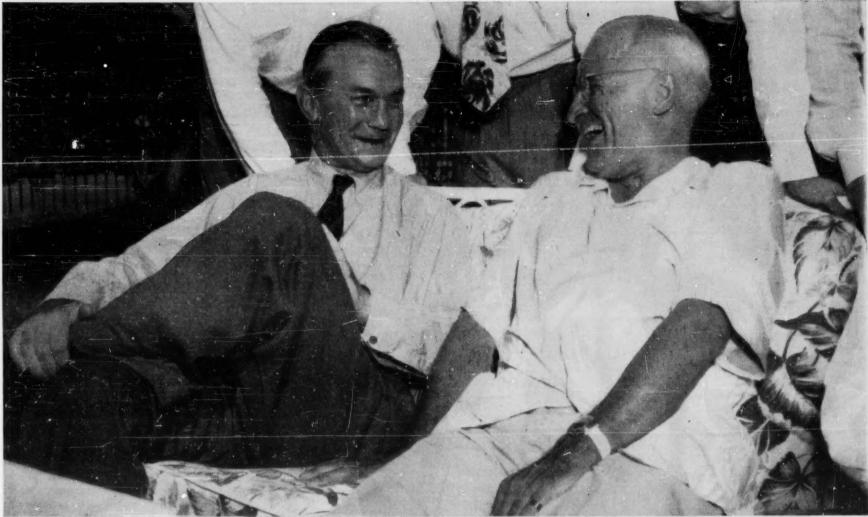
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More laughs and less worry might have saved James Forrestal who jumped to his death while worried.

THOSE MIDDLE-AGE BLUES

Men also suffer a definite change of life. To some it brings an acute depression and a sense of utter futility. But there's a commonsense way to avoid a crackup

By SIDNEY KATZ

HEN wealthy James Forrestal, former U. S. Secretary of Defense, leaped to his death on May 22 from the 17th floor of the naval hospital at Bethesda, Md., he left behind a few melancholy lines from the Greek philosopher Sophocles:

Better to die and sleep The never waking sleep than linger on, And dare to live, when the soul's life is gone.

The continent was stunned. Here was an active, brilliant 57-year-old man in the so-called prime of life. Why had he killed himself?

The American Psychiatric Association, which was then meeting in Montreal, took time out to cast some light on his motives. "This suicide," it claimed, "was the result of an acute depression so common in middle life."

The psychiatrists could have recalled the suicide in November 1947 of another well-known public figure. John G. Winant, former U. S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, shot himself soon after returning to the U. S. Friends reported he was depressed and discouraged because all his efforts toward building world peace seemed to end in failure.

Much has been said and written about the woman and her "change of life." Somewhere between 40 to 55 menstruation ceases and she is no

longer able to bear children. For many it is an uncomfortable trying period. But scant attention has been paid to the male "change of life."

True, there is no dramatic biological change for the male in his 40's or 50's. His decline in sexual vigor is slow and gradual and may go on for 20 or 30 years. But large numbers of men suffer from the psychological symptoms of this period.

Some experience so much pain and anguish that they begin to wonder whether life is worth living at all. Others complain of familiar symptoms—dizziness, hot flushes, palpitations, headaches, aches, insomnia and depression.

There's no suggestion that the Forrestal and Winant suicides were the result of physical changes. It's fairly clear that these men were suffering from mental and psychological disturbances. In their cases the disturbances were extreme. But most middle-aged men suffer them in some degree.

A prominent Canadian physician recently described three middle-aged patients who had visited him during a single week.

The first was a tall, balding, 43-year-old lawyer, his face lined with weariness. "I've got no staying power, no pep," he told the doctor, "I feel tired no matter how much sleep I get."

The second patient, a red-haired stocky broker, who at 46 was the leading executive in a well-known firm, complained of fatigue and pains near his heart. "I'm worried and depressed," he confided to the doctor.

The third man, a factory foreman who had just turned 50, was puzzled about his condition. He

didn't know exactly what was wrong. He felt down in the dumps, had lost interest in his job and was assailed by vague fears about the future. "I've never been like this before," he said.

After detailed examinations the doctor was unable to find anything organically wrong. He engaged each of the men in a long chat, about their jobs, their families, their outside interests. Finally he was able to conclude that their symptoms were caused by the realization that they were growing old.

"I've seen so many cases of this sort recently," he told me, "that I've coined a name for it—middle-age blues."

In the absence of physical illness how can these very real and torturous symptoms be explained? In simplest terms they are psychosomatic symptoms—physical discomforts caused by an unsatisfactory emotional state.

The balding lawyer with "ulcers" may be mourning the fact that his wife is a poor substitute for his mother. The corpulent businessman with the "heart pains" may be rebelling against a domineering father. The factory foreman may be certain he has cancer because of an impoverished and insecure childhood.

The truth is that 40 is a critical dividing point in a man's life. The middle-ager examines himself in the mirror, notices his hair line is receding, his hair is turning grey and his girth increasing. He knows he can't take as much tennis or golf as he once could. As for work, he hasn't the ambition or exuberance of 10 years

Continued on page 36



Beverley Baxter, his wife and daughter Meribah reach Montreal in the Empress.

Mid-Atlantic Logbook

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

THIS is not a letter from London but from mid-Atlantic. Three days ago the pleasant ship Empress of Canada set out from Liverpool and there is no reason to doubt that in another three days she will arrive at Montreal.

My Air Force son was mildly shocked at the choice of such an antiquated form of travel, pointing out that providing there was a decent ceiling in London and no fog over Shannon or Gander we could lunch in London, breakfast next morning in Montreal, dine in Winnipeg, and take late supper in Vancouver. The only thing he did not explain was why one should travel so far and so fast merely to eat three meals.

A journey from the old world to the new requires an interregnum, a period of suspended animation, if one is to savor the full flavor of the change. It is good to gaze upon the sea in all its lonely majesty, to watch dusk descend upon the waste of waters and to listen to the wind in the rigging. It is good to become as a child and play children's games on deck and talk with people without the impatience of knowing that your next appointment is in 10 minutes.

Leisure is the very parent of thought, yet in the modern world we grow suspicious of leisure so that repose becomes impossible and we make of work and play a sort of glorified St. Vitus dance. We cannot see the stars for the neon lights and we try as far as possible never to hold communion with the rich silences of nature.

The logical mind will answer that we live in a streamlined age where there is no time for philosophy, that progress and pace are indivisible, and that the reactionary has no more place in modern existence than the stagecoach. And somewhere in his flood of cryptic eloquence he will proudly boast that he is a progressive.

he will proudly boast that he is a progressive.

Any schoolboy can tell you that "progressive" is the adjective of "progress" and that there can be no division of meaning between them. With

Continued on page 53

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Orphans, Greenhorns and the B.N.A. Act

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

PARLIAMENT looks even more lopsided than you'd expect. The Liberals, after four years when almost all could find room at the Speaker's right, have slopped over to fill nearly half the left side of the chamber.

George Drew sits where he sat before, directly across the aisle from the Prime Minister, but he's no longer in the middle of his own supporters. He has but one skinny row of them on his right. The rest spread down from his left hand, squeezing the shattered remnants of the CCF and Social Credit almost out of sight in their southeast corner.

almost out of sight in their southeast corner.

They all joke about it. "We few, we unhappy few," one Tory declaimed as he greeted Liberal friends in the parliamentary dining room on opening day. "I'm one of the orphans of the storm," a CCF survivor remarked.

But in fact it's no joke to the opposition. All three of the parties have retained most of their outstanding individual debaters; man for man, they can still put on as good a show as they ever could. But each of those individuals, when he rises to speak, looks and feels like Horatius at the bridge. It's one thing to float down river on a broad stable raft; it's quite different to navigate it standing upright on a single log.

One thing the opposition has in its favor, though

—all but one or two of its men are old hands. The Grits have to digest more than 90 newcomers, and after the by-elections later this month they'll have about 100, more than half their total strength.

THE GREENHORNS were a rather pathetic sight in the early days of the session. One of them, wandering around the corridors on opening

day, begged a passing reporter to direct him to "The Tavern"—said he had an appointment there at noon, and he couldn't find a tavern anywhere in the

House of Commons. He had to be persuaded that his friend must be waiting for him in the Chateau Laurier a block away.

"They ought to give us a guidebook and a map, so we can find our offices," another neophyte moaned.

To make matters worse, the newcomers are mostly tucked away in the most inaccessible corners of the sprawling building. To make room for 17 more M.P.'s in an already overcrowded centre block, the sergeant-at-arms cleared out the stationery office and a number of other house functionaries. These were mostly basement rooms, yards from the nearest elevator; even the old-timers used to have trouble finding some of them. No wonder the freshmen are confused.

PRIME MINISTER ST. LAURENT is fulfilling an old dream with his legislation to permit amendment of the constitution by the Parliament of Canada.

* *

One of the first speeches he made after entering public life eight years ago made lengthy reference to this national shame—the fact that a supposedly full-grown nation has to run to mother every time its constitution needs changing. He has made repeated references to it ever since, in Parliament and out.

Despite all this advance warning in principle, the actual nature and timing of the Government's move was a well-kept secret until Parliament opened. Reporters

Continued on page 70





Here's the lowdown on the pin-ups. After his 20 years on the judges' bench Sinclair confesses it's mostly phony

to such varied products as maple syrup, asparagus, tobacco, ice cream and cheese.

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Unless they've been maliciously betrayed we have four young women justifiably claiming to be Miss Canada Cheese and one of these is also Miss Rice Lake Muskrat.

There is a Miss Greater West End Business Man who was chosen during a black-out. Finding this label sexually ungrammatical she went on to greater triumphs and emerged as Miss Welland Canal. There is a Miss Flattie, which has to do with a certain type of bobby-sox footwear; a Miss Safety on the Highways; and, we're reliably informed, there will soon be a beauty queen who must be toothless.

Does the gentle reader wonder where the gals come from to take their chance for these soaring honors? Very simple. There are always committees running the shows and they can consult with

an assortment of impresarios to provide them with competition for any number of local beauty shows.

The promoters can and do provide costumes, barkers, judges and, of course, girls. The usual proportion is 50-50; half home-towners and half imports.

Let's suppose you're named entertainment secretary of the Canadaville Chamber of Commerce and you want an out-door spectacle which will attract visitors, publicity and dollars to your town. A beauty contest is suggested as part of the show and enthusiastic executives agree in principle, leaving the details to you.

The rest is relatively easy. There are five or six promoters (personal representatives in the yellow pages) who will guarantee that your show will have enough entries chosen from their abundant files.

From Nippon to Nipigon.

THESE agents, of whom the best is a buxom ex-beauty, can send anywhere from six to 60 girls of assorted sizes, shapes, colorations and personalities to your town. They come relatively cheap, say \$100 a dozen plus expenses, and they aren't green enough to expect victory. They have a variety of names and home towns to choose from and are seldom worse-looking than a sealyham.

You will also import a few judges such as camera-conscious politicians, cynical reporters and thirsty feature writers (like

Add to each group—girls and judges—a few home-towners, mix well and serve. The result is usually a zowie but, of course, things sometimes get loused up. This is especially true when the imported beauties get cargoed with the local corn.

In my apprentice days as a beauty judge I thought the contests were on the level and the fact that my personal selections selfom finished in the money left me with a feeling of humility rather than resentment. The whispered predictions that so-and-so should win in a walk were never interpreted by me as instructions. One day, however, a stubborn decision cost me a cleaning bill and proved the cash customers had unexpected accuracy with tomatoes.

This posed the problem of adjusting myself to local realities or abandoning my career as a "nationally known student of art and beauty who has also judged nautch girls of distant India, sacred temple dancers of Bali and geisha girls of old Nippon."

It began with a red, white and blue letter from an organization claiming to produce and direct "the biggest small-town fair in Canada."

The impresarios explained that in addition to fast horses, proud pigeons and contented cows they were planning to parade the feminine beauty of the surrounding farmland—plus a few imports—and they'd like me, who'd seen the slant-eyed maidens and dusky belles of far-away places, to help two local stalwarts with the selection.

This was early in the war and three of the 29 girls who turned up on the dirt-track platform were in the uniform of the Canadian Women's Army Corps. They, like the others—who wore gingham or voile but no bathing suits—were fresh-faced and wholesome Canadian girls. Several wore no makeup. None was beautiful and most were so self-conscious that they crept about the platform in giggling embarrassment.

My inexperienced heart sank. Somebody on this hastily built stage and somebody in this audience were due to be terribly disappointed. Many a nice girl would have her feelings hurt and here was I leading with my chin and letting myself in for a thankless and ridiculous job.

for a thankless and ridiculous job.

As it turned out both fellow judges knew the ropes. They explained that I was to look over all the girls and then, while the chairman announced the winners in the nearby sow and piglet classes, I would write down the number of the six least attractive young women. My list would be compared with the others and the composite discard would be told not to come back to the stage. In this way, which is standard practice, embarrassment is at a minimum.

The chairman advised us to hurry it along. "And," he added, "make sure one of them Army girls wins. Patriotism you know, and besides, they're all county gals."

I voted to eliminate two of the Army girls on the first ballot but such sacrilege was instantly overruled and, among the 23 who trooped for the second call, were all three Army girls.

In the next call, to speed it up, 10 were given the heave-ho and there was a buzz of angry muttering from the cash customers. Thirteen hometown gals had now gone their disappointed way and all of them had boy friends and brothers out front. These partisans took a dim view of the whole business from that point forward, and the vegetable stalls, already judged, provided handy ammunition.

In the final threesome there were two Army girls. That's when the first tomatoes began to come our way. When the uniformed pair took first and third prizes the bombardment increased and we of the judicial committee retreated to a dusty tent.

Judging Chops and Cuties

THERE I learned that my own decisions against the Army girls had in all cases been treated as idle whims. Miss County Fair had been selected from the entry list before she even made an appearance.

Up to this time I'd been in the leaky-roof or town-band beauty circuit, unknown to the big leagues and languishing without ballyhoo. But relief was at hand.

The local paper (circulation 1709) mentioned the accurately heaved tomatoes and the targets for same—me. From that point forward I've never known judicial unemployment.

I've sat, with the animation and intelligence of a dyspeptic turtle, on beauty boards selecting cuties, stamps, Continued on page 45



Wide smiles this time, but judge Gordon was once pelted with accurate tomatoes.



Beauty Contests Are The Bunk

By GORDON SINCLAIR

IN ACTS ballyhooed as breath-taking displays of feminine pulchritude Canada has this year been exposed to more strutting bathing beauties than ever before.

Billed as contests—an honorable label not open to wrestling shows—most of these parades of girl meat on the hoof (the Miss Canada Pageant is an exception) are as phony as a speak-easy membership, as easy to get into as a bingo game and as naïve as the dunce at a school for half-wits. They make but minor demands on the self-respect of contestants or customers.

On an average of 10 times a year for 20 years I've been a judge at these "veritable extravaganzas of eye-filling beauty" and, if heaven will forgive my tardiness, I now blow the whistle and call these shows the bunk.

This will probably mean surrender of membership in the free-meal-and-drink circuit but, courage old

boy, "to thine own self be true," even if truth comes 20 years late.

Compared to beauty contests a moose-pasture gold mine is gilt-edged security like a Woolworth diamond or a loaded cigar. Most winners are cooked up in advance and several, on whom I've officiated were lady to several.

officiated, were lady tosspots.

One dark and humid night I was judge at a tent-show beauty contest that happened to be rained out. The storm came between the balancing dog and the mimic who did Jolson. That was well before the beauty girls did their stuff but after the morning paper had gone to press. Rain ruined the show but Miss Asthma still got her prize and a two-column cut in the morning paper. She was the dusky little flat chest we'd all been briefed to vote for.

Beauty contests are about 30% ballyhoo, 30% buttocks, 30 % baloney and 10% assorted ingredi-

ents. On occasion these include charm, personality and even beauty.

My personal experience with beauty contests began in 1929 after I'd worked passage to England aboard a trans-Atlantic liner as an assistant boots. Experience as an assistant boots is presumably the type of background the impresarios seek in their judges.

The opening contest was in suburban Toronto where a minister's daughter was the winner. I particularly remember her knees which were frequently getting in each other's way, and I remember that the skirt on her white bathing suit was almost as big as a kilt.

Today the beauty shows feature no skirts and sometimes are textbook examples of vulgarity. In an epidemic of unredeemed exhibitionism, Canada has more royalty than India has snakes. We have queens, empresses and duchesses swearing allegiance The implication of the remark was not lost to him. Obviously, she thought he could not hit the side of a flying barn.

This, from a slip of a girl, John Tabor found amusing. Every year since leaving the Air Force he had been high gun in the Skeet Club shoot.

"If you don't mind a tip—I think you're too anxious—that over and under habit is a bad one. You get over it with practice though," she added hopefully.

Tabor lit his pipe very deliberately. He could have told her he had hunted duck from the marshes of China to the Mississippi River bottoms. He decided to let it pass. In the morning she would see what real shooting was.

see what real shooting was.

"Wind's rising," old man Macdowell announced when he came in. "If it keeps up should be a good shoot in the morning—I see you folks have introduced yourselves."

"Yes," replied Tabor, thrusting his hands in his pockets and rocking back on his heels with a patronizing look at the redhead. "As a matter of fact your daughter has just been giving me some tips on duck hunting."

Angus Macdowell missed the humor entirely. "Well," he said. "It's a subject she knows something about. Funny that, take her three brothers now, off to the city they are and not caring two hoots for the duck season. But Frankie she hasn't missed a season, except when she was away to the war. Mr. Tabor is taking the point in the morning."

"With the wind rising off the lake you'll find them hard to hit off the point—they come in fast and high. What sort of a load are you using?" the girl asked.

"Long range—with one and a quarter ounces of No. 6 shot."

"Uh-uh," she shook her head. "Too light—you want at least No. 4 shot out there—carries farther and you get fewer cripples." He smiled as he tapped his pipe bowl out in the fireplace. "I prefer 6 for ducks, high low or wide," he said firmly. "Get a better pattern."

Old Angus evidently thought it time to break in. "How about stirring up one of your fancy toddies, Frankie—Mr. Tabor here is not used to our cold weather and it'll take the chill out of his bones."

John Tabor watched the girl until she swung out of sight behind the kitchen door.

THE OLD man was right; the wind did not drop. In the morning the white caps slapped hard against the side of the boat.

When the first light came, John Tabor let two flights pass on up the bay, to the girl's decoys. That was only fair. She had let two pass yesterday. "After this, my girl," Tabor promised, "there'll be mighty few ducks for Frankie."

The next flock came in as though it was jetpropelled—and high too. Taking more care than was normal John let the highfliers have it. The only effect it had was to change their course. He muttered to himself as he slipped in two more shells. A flock of mallards came scudding in from the open water. This time the flock divided at his salvo—but nothing more. Half of them went directly over Frankie's blind. She knocked one down and it fell in the reeds.

When she brought it in she raised it at arm's length over her head. John Tabor could feel her puckish grin even at

Continued on page 32



Her duck shooting was high, deadly and fancy. That was because she was a little shooting fool with an aim that never missed, whether it was a duck — or a man

By ERIC ACLAND

OHN TABOR eased forward the safety catch of his gun as a soft rush of wings in the outer darkness whispered of approaching daylight. Narrowing his eyes, he could already make out the outline of the nearest decoys on the black waters.

As he waited, the long fingers of his right hand caressed the inlaid stock of his hammerless gun, custom-built job by a London gunsmith. He crossed and uncrossed his legs. He was jumpy and he knew it. Come up here to relax, get his mind off bids and contracts and the tensions of business generally. Well, it wasn't working; that Explorations bid that meant so much to Turbines Inc., John's company, kept bothering him, returning again and again. Should have left New York in time to get settled down in camp instead of rushing into a duck blind right off the train.

His ears picked up a distant throbbing. Whistlers! He stood and fired as the grey squadron zoomed low over the decoys. First his right—and then his left. A clean miss with both barrels! He scarce had time to reload before a flock of bluebills came down the bay. He got away both barrels again, but too late.

The Labrador retriever turned her eyes from the water to him. "What's the matter with this guy?" they asked.

"First round for the ducks, dog—just wait a while—you'll have plenty to do," he answered.

He spotted a big flock coming in high from the

left. Crouching low, his eyes followed the target over the arm of the bay. Two puffs of white smoke broke out on the point.

"The fool," he muttered as the sound of the shot reached him. "They must be seventy yards out." The flock veered off, but two of them hit the water. Chagrin at having his shooting spoiled did not entirely drown out his admiration.
"The fellow can shoot, though," he confided to

the dog. She wagged her tail in agreement.

The act was repeated with the next flock that came in. He watched the gunner push a canoe into white water to pick up a cripple. The way the hunter handled the canoe, and the slightness of his figure indicated he was a local youth. That further irritated John Tabor. He made up his mind to speak to old Angus about it. No way to run a camp.

Soon after, the hunter left his blind out on the arm and picked up his decoys, and before paddling off signaled to Tabor. As much as to say, "They're all yours now, chum."

A pair of teal came in and he got them both. It improved his humor to some extent, but when old Angus came with the outboard to pick him up he had his say.

"That young fellow out on the point . . ." he shouted over the roar of the motor . . . "Shooting at all comers . . . sort of messed up my shoot."

"Sorry about that Mister Tabor . . . I'll move Frankie to your blind if you wish . . . and you can have the point." The old Scot cast an apprehensive eye on the two teal in the bottom of the boat. "They come in mighty high over the point though."

John Tabor yanked down the peak of his cap. "You leave that to me, Angus. I can handle 'em."

HE LEFT old Angus to moor the boat and walked up the path between the giant maples to the lodge. The main room, he thought, looked much larger in daylight and the fire on the hearth was good. He was sitting on a bench by the wall pulling off his waders, when he noticed the legs propped up against the fireplace front. The legs ended in small beaded moccasins, half of them covered by trousers, brown corduroy stuff that had slid down to the knees. By way of being a connoisseur he decided they were nice legs. When he stood to empty the shells from his jacket pockets he raised himself on tiptoe for a squint over the back of the chair. He caught a glimpse of reddish-gold

"Hello . . . " the voice from the chair was throaty but nicely modulated. "I suppose you're Mr. Tabor?

Startled, he dropped back on his heels and, as he did so, noticed the mirror over the mantel. She had been watching him. He felt slightly ridiculous.

"Yes, I am," he admitted walking to the hearth. The girl measured his lank frame with her eyes. So . . . "she said. "You're John Tabor, captain of mining industry.

He smiled. The color of her eyes. He had seen ast that shade of deep blue somewhere. Ah, yes-

The blue patch on a teal's wing.

"You seem surprised," he said.

"I am . . ." she tossed her cigarette butt into the open fire and lowered her legs, which he thought was a pity. "I expected a man with a bay window, a bald head and, of course, a cigar."

As he filled his pipe he noticed the green plaid

shirt she was wearing. There must have been green plaid shirts long before plunging necklines became the fashion. Yet the designers hadn't made much improvement, he thought.

You haven't told me who you are yet," he suggested. She smiled, "I'm Frances Macdowell-Angus Macdowell's youngest offspring—I am afraid you didn't have much luck this morning. Too bad, on opening day too—I thought you were shooting under and over that first two flocks that

John Tabor gaped, stabbing in the general rection of the bay with his pipe stem . . . "You direction of the bay with his pipe stem . . . "You—you must be the Frankie who was out on the

The halo of reddish gold nodded. "Yes, that was me-I hope you don't think I spoiled your morning

The Girl With the **Teal Blue Eyes**





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Though not too happy in shore rig rampageous Reoch can now wear flashy ties every day.

HOT-WATER SKIPPER

By FRANK HAMILTON

THERE IS not the slightest doubt among seafaring men that Captain Norman James Reoch, general manager of Canada Steamship Lines and salty skipper of the largest fresh-water fleet in the world, is tougher than hardtack.

A hulking Cardiff-giant of a man with a short thick neck, small red-rimmed eyes, battering-ram fists and a voice like the boom of thunder, he has in the past three years battled his way to national prominence as the fighting skipper who has sworn to blast the Canadian Seamen's Union from the Great Lakes.

Reoch's swaggering role in this violent inland naval affray reached its climax in July, 1948, following four months of scrapping between striking CSU men and strikebreakers, which saw about 75 of the former arrested on charges ranging from trespassing and assault, watching and besetting, to hurling stink bombs. Finally a CSL ship's officer opened fire with a shotgun on six CSU men who boarded his ship at Sarnia, wounding five of them. When the newspapers asked Reoch for comment he chortled: "Winging five out of six is pretty good shooting."

This quip was given wide publicity, Reoch became quite proud of it and still repeats it frequently, adding that he promptly rewarded Chief Engineer

Melville Murphy who did the shooting with a

promotion, a raise in pay and a bonus.

Reoch, who was at that time operating manager for Canada Steamship Lines, got his own reward for keeping company ships running despite the strike when the post of general manager was created for him in April of this year.

At 42, this rough-and-ready former freighter captain is the acting chief executive of Canada's biggest inland shipping firm and a new kind of star in the Canadian big-business galaxy. He bears little resemblance to the popular notion of the cautious Canadian businessman as he bosses his fleet of 60 passenger and freight vessels, plus CSL's attendant luxury hotels, shipyards, coal docks, grain elevators and buslines. He runs this varied, \$40 million business much as he used to captain a ship, which is a unique experience for the 104-year-old company and its 7,500-odd employees, about half of whom are landlubbers.

Scornful of red tape and the niceties of business diplomacy, he cut short the Continued on page 40



Halfbacks, Greenbacks **And Red Ink**

A team's got a Grey Cup chance today when it lays \$100,000 on the 50-yard line. Ledgers not linemen rule big league rugby

By TRENT FRAYNE

THIN MAN from Montreal named Joe Ryan concluded 1949's biggest piece of football business on a dreary day last February. By employing a whispering, confidential tone to express such sentimental phrases as "\$25,000 for two years" and "a shot at the coaching job in 1951," Ryan induced Frank Filchock, an American who had played two seasons of football at Hamilton, to join the Montreal Alouettes.

In addition to emphasizing that football in Canada, which, say, two decades ago served largely to fill the gap between the baseball and the hockey seasons, has developed into a year-round proposition, the Ryan coup illustrated

pointedly that the game has become big business.

While it is true that only Filchock is receiving such lofty remuneration for bird-dogging a pigskin it is also true that no football team in this country can operate within punting distance of the Grey Cup for less than \$75,000 annually. In the case of at least two Eastern foundries, the Ottawa Rough Riders and the Montreal Alouettes, the outlay exceeds \$100,000. The Calgary Stampeders, 1948 national champions, and the Toronto Argonauts, their predecessors on the lofty perch through the preceding three seasons, operate on a budget that barely misses six figures. These aren't the kind of potatoes mother used to peel.

In the early 1930's and earlier, men played for pure, wholesome love. Between 1935 and 1940 most of them were infatuated but a few accepted coarse currency. In the immediate wake of the war, when more people had more money and a burning determination to get rid of it, the game quietly and irrevocably developed into an out-and-out professional proposition in which only the most inept oaf performing for the most inept team

received only lumps for his labors.

The occasional American, seeking to assure a business future by playing a little football in the fall, was invited to Canada in the early '30's. He came because business pickings were lean in the States and because he wasn't good enough or because salaries weren't high enough in professional Continued on page 29

Annis Stukus (left), Edmonton Eskimos' coach, helps manager Al Marshall balance the books.

Never neglect a tiny blister



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roared across the clearing, not more than 60 feet above the treetops. "It's from the field near here," Rudolph explained wryly. "I hear they're charging passengers \$5 a ride for a look at us freaks. Air-borne Peeping Toms!"

I was surprised at the reaction of the

I was surprised at the reaction of the people about us. I had half expected them to dash for cover. Instead they looked up at the little plane with amused indifference and one or two waved at the pilot, who waved cheerily back

As we walked about I began to get my bearings. The clearing is the site of an old farm property on a bench of the small mountain, a southern-expo-sure sun trap. It is entirely surrounded by a heavy second growth of timber and seemed a perfect secluded site for either a nudist colony or the moonshine still which operated here in prohibition

At the upper end of the property was a cherry orchard. From there the ground sloped away, part of it in grass, to a large and inviting swimming pool formed from a dammed-up creek. There were two small farm buildings, bright in new white paint. Under a grove of firs were picnic tables and beyond them several children's swings, a horseshoe pitch, volley-ball and badminton courts.

In the Buff With a Cello

Such geographical detail is easier to describe than the activity taking place across its face.

Everywhere I looked there were naked men, women and children of all ages, shapes and sizes working and playing in the warm late afternoon sun.

As we walked by the orchard two buxom teen-aged girls called down a greeting to us from the branches above and threw us a handful of cherries.

In the shade of one tree a woman whom I guessed to be more than 70 was sitting knitting something, concentrating intently on her needles. She wore nothing but an incongruous pith

On the grassy slopes several family groups lay stretched out on blankets, sun bathing.

A mixed group of more athletic young people played volleyball bois-

An elderly, bald gentleman walked by us carrying a battered cello under his arm and looking like something you might dream about after too many pimento cheese sandwiches.

Most of the activity centred about the pool where all of the children were pumping on the swings or splashing about in the cool water and paying not the slightest attention to their bare elders. It looked like those pleasant scenes titled "The Old Swimming Hole," except here there were both boys and girls, all of them browned by

the sun.

On the far side of the pool was a well-known Vancouver artist, just about the last person, except myself, about the last person, except myself, that I ever expected to turn up in a nudist camp. He was standing before his easel, as unclothed as the golden young lady posing for him. Don and I walked over and watched him work, but my eyes kept straying to the open slope of the camp. slope of the camp.

Every few minutes a new car would pull in as delegates arrived. A battered old Ford pickup was followed a few moments later by a large, black Cadillac. I watched an elderly, wealthy-looking couple get out and calmly begin to disrobe, stripping off the evidence of financial success. Everyone disrobed placidly in this open manner and frequently their first act was to walk to the pool for a quick swim. About the perimeter of the clearing



MADE IN CANADA from the best Canadian wheat

I WENT TO A NUDIST CAMP

In clothes at Camp Forestia columnist Scott was covered with confusion. The next day he took them both off. And found that nudists are just ordinary folk

By JACK SCOTT

FEW miles south of Seattle, Washington, in the late afternoon of a bright summer day I turned my car off the main highway onto a secondary road and proceeded seven miles, as instructed, until I reached the red barn. A hundred yards on I came upon a rough, newly bulldozed road leading up into the woods of a small mountain.

There was a barrier across the road and a bold sign, "Private Property! Keep Out!" I removed the barrier and went up through the evergreens in

low gear.

It was a new kind of assignment for me and, frankly, I was nervous about it. At the end of this road, up on the slope of the mountain, was a nudist camp of 250 Canadian and American "sun bathers" gathered here for the fourth annual Northwest Sunbathing Conference. I was to be the sole outsider and 35 years of conventional living were in revolt.

Every few feet there were "Keep Out" and "Private Property" signs nailed to the pines. The road went about half a mile steeply up through the woods. Then there was a sharp switchback curve and my car came out into a clearing. A sign bade me "Welcome To Camp Forestia."

I averted my eyes from the sight of several dozen naked men and women, mainly because they were curiously watching my arrival. I didn't want to give the impression of staring. But at that moment that was the only look I had in me.

Ping! Went My Poise

A HUGE, bandy-legged man with a barrel chest covered with grey hair and with stars tattooed on his shoulders approached with the smile worn everywhere by greeters. He was tanned the color of mahogany and nude except for tennis shoes and socks. I had time to notice that he carried a pack of cigarettes tucked in the top of his socks; this cleared up one of the minor questions that I hoped to answer.

He introduced himself as Rudolph, president of the Seattle Club, host for the convention, and we exchanged some remarks about the splendid

weather.

"Did you want to take your duds off now or later?" he asked. I explained that I was the special, non-nudist guest and not one of the crowd. "Well, you'll be one of us before long," he assured me.

Rudolph led me down the road to where a motherly middle-aged woman, wearing only a bandanna on her head, was standing by a card table labeled "registration desk."

I had been trying to maintain an air of poise and at the same time gain some "first impressions." As we approached I realized that my first scattered thoughts were about the lady's appendectomy scar.

She greeted me heartily and asked if I had the letter from my wife. It had been one of the stipulations that if I came alone I would carry a letter from my wife giving her "approval and consent." I produced this letter and then signed a form stating I had no cameras. (Cameras are permitted, I learned later, only on the understanding that subjects snapped give their permission and that the negatives are developed by a member of the club.)

The woman at the card table then handed me a small blue booklet outlining the rules and objects of Fraternity Snoqualmie, the name of the co-operatively owned Seattle club.

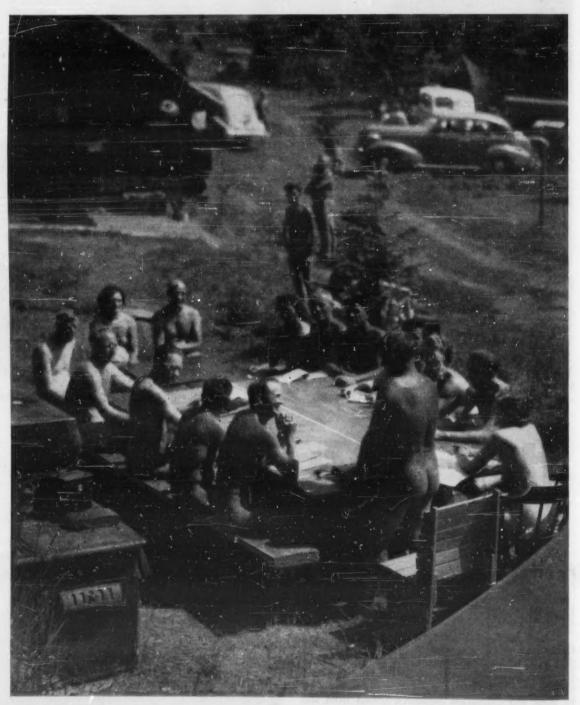
An exceedingly handsome and bare young woman came up to speak to Rudolph and, to cover my confusion, I made a show of reading the pamphlet.

It mentioned that a code of morals and ethics was necessary "to obtain complete security and peace of mind for all members." The rules included warnings about "undue interest in the opposite sex," and "overly demonstrative actions or undue familiarity with one another." Divorce actions and separations would be cause for indefinite suspension. No smutty stories allowed. No profane or obscene language. No alcoholic beverages. No dogs.

I was studying this when a man approached the table and called me by name. I did not recognize him for a moment without his clothes. It proved to be Don, the president of the Canadian Sunbathing Association, whose members held their own convention in the Fraser Valley in late August.

Don is a man of about 48, a well-known and respected resident on one of the British Columbia Gulf islands where his "hobby" would doubtless startle many of the British expatriates who are his neighbors. He was tanned darkly all over and looked much younger than he had in a quiet, double-breasted suit.

Don asked me if I would like to meet the executives first or stroll about. I suggested we walk. As we turned to move away a small sport airplane



Canadian nudist membership seems stuck at 500, a Vancouver delegate reported.



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were parked cars and several aluminum trailers with the license plates of British Columbia, Alberta, Washing-ton, Oregon and Idaho, which are included in this particular "confer-

Several small tents had been set up and a number of women were clustered about an open-air stove preparing supper. In the orchard were two large American Army marquee tents which Don explained were used for communal sleeping quarters. Beside one of these, two attractive girls, wearing grass skirts, were practicing a hulahula they planned to give at a concert the next evening.

I had expected to be able to describe some typical person. Outwardly there was nothing to answer that description. There were rotund gentlemen who looked as if they might be average businessmen, old ladies with white hair, muscular young people. The only similarity was that none displayed the slightest evidence of self-conscious-Nor was there any apparent ce of an overcasualness that evidence of I'd anticipated.

I Did As the Romans Do

The sun had now set and most of the older people had put on shirts or sweaters. Curiously enough this heightened the impression of nudity. I noticed that my companion scorned such protection. When I mentioned this he smiled.

"If I had my way I'd go without clothes 12 months of the year," he said. "In any event I certainly didn't come 400 miles to be all swaddled up."

As we chatted, a stocky, pleasant commercial photographer from Portland, Oregon, named Mervin, the president of the conference, came up and suggested that I should be on my way to the nearby village. Accommodation had been arranged for me in an auto court. "Tomorrow will be the busy day," he suggested, "and I'd advise you to be here bright and early."

About 9 the next bright, hot morning I returned to the camp, this time determined for the sake of my story to do in Rome as the Romans do. parked my car, got out, slowly dis-robed and began to walk toward the swimming pool as at least a temporary cover.

I was half way across the clearing when I heard my name called. I turned that several of the picnic tables had been put together to form a conference table near the volley-ball court. A dozen or more male members of the executive and half as many women were having a business session.

I realized unhappily that I was being introduced by one of the Canadian delegates. President Mervin got up and began to explain to the others my purpose in being present.

assumed a pose with my arms folded across my chest and gave myself up to looking self-possessed.

"Mr. Scott was invited here to represent Maclean's Magazine," Mervin explained. "The only stipulations are that he will not divulge the location of our camp and will refer to members by their first names."

I murmured my greetings and took a seat to listen to some of the business being discussed, all of it recorded by a secretary who wore nothing but a pair of earrings yet managed to look as briskly efficient as a secretary at a CPR stockholders' meeting.

Among the correspondence read were letters which opened, "Dear Skinfolks" and ended with "Barely yours." One invited the delegates to attend a "real old-fashioned buff social" at an Idaho camp known as Restful Haven. Another submitted a theme song for nudism which it urged the convention to adopt. ("Ray!" the lyrics went, "Guess what? We don't wear sarongs, we've joined the nudist camp and we're happy all day long.")

During the reports of outside clubs one of the Canadian delegates, a Vancouver post-office sorting clerk, gave a somewhat pessimistic summary on the movement in Canada.

"We are holding our own with nine small groups in the major cities," he reported, "but our membership can't seem to climb over 500. The three clubs in British Columbia represent our best growth, but this may be only because our climate is better suited to nudism than in the east.

When the meeting had adjourned this Vancouver delegate came up to me, said, "Uncle Danny wants to meet you," and began leading me to one of the small farm buildings. He explained that Uncle Danny is the 70-year-old Rev. Ilsley Boone, of New York, executive secretary of the American Sunbathing Association and editor of its official journal, Sunshine and Health.

As we walked across the clearing my poise was submitted to its second severe test. The camp's outstanding beauty, a statuesque blonde who had been crowned Miss Nudism of 1948, came running up to us.

"They want me to brand you," she said. I must have looked alarmed, or something, for the girl laughed. Then she printed my name in India ink on my right shoulder.
"Now you're one of us," she said and

In the small building we found Uncle Danny cooking an early lunch of boiled wieners and sauerkraut. He is a short, white-haired, rosy-complexioned with a startling recemblance to Charles Winninger of the movies. He was born in Brooklyn and is a one-time Baptist pastor.

Uncle Danny poured us glasses of grape juice and said, "Yes, I might still be in the ministry except for what happened in 1929. In 1929 I went to Europe for a holiday, saw what they were doing in the nudist line there and returned to New York a converted man. And I mean 'converted' the way the churches mean it. Why, I'd been like any other man. Plenty of cobwebs in my noodle about sex, about women. I found a whole new mental, physical and spiritual freedom in nudism and I decided to devote my life to it."

Nice People in the Nude

When I asked Uncle Danny what makes a nudist he replied, "There are all sorts of nudists. Social nudists like this club, domestic nudists, or people who like to go about in their own homes in a free and easy manner, individual nudists like Hemingway, Churchill and Stokowski who like to do their creative work alone in the nude, isolated groups of say a half dozen people who go swimming or picnicking in the nude why, you'd be surprised how wide this movement really is."

But what about organized camps such as this?

"Our aim is the healthy mind in the Continued on page 27



Continued from page 24

healthy body," Boone said and I had the feeling he'd said it many times before. "We aim to make nudism not merely a fad, but a new social practice. We believe nudism can rid the world of sex ignorance and prudery by making the human body familiar and accepted without eroticism.

"People ask us why we're organized, why we don't just practice nudism as individuals. Well, sir, we believe in this thing, we want it extended and legalized in public places, not merely in such hidden spots as this."

Did he advocate nudism primarily as a health measure or for its moral

"Both!" said Uncle Danny with a slap on his bare pink thigh. "We believe that sunshine and fresh air are basic factors in maintaining health. You'll never find a real nudist who has a cold. The moral effect comes later as a discovery, wiping out all prudery and false modesty."

At this point Boone's pot of wieners boiled over. I excused myself and went down to the pool. There were more than 100 people in and about it.

was surprised to find that I had no feeling of being conspicuous as I'd had the day before in my clothes.

I had my swim and then sat down on the grass slope by a young married couple. The husband introduced himself as Chuck, a U. S. Army captain stationed at a nearby post, and his wife, Alma. Their four-year-old son wife, Alma. Their four-year-old son was wading in the pool. I mentioned some of Uncle Danny's remarks and Alma laughed.

"They certainly make a big crusade of it, don't they?" she said. "If you talk to most folks here you'll find they're nudists just about the same way that other people belong to golf or tennis clubs. We like to come up here for a week end to relax and partly for the sense of . . . well . . . elation and freedom.

"Chuck and I got interested in the idea when we were both in the Army in Germany. When we got back we tried to find private places on the beach, but there were always people coming along. We heard about the club and joined."

I said I couldn't see that there was much difference in wearing a modern bathing suit on a public beach and being completely nude.

being completely nude.

"Everyone asks that," Chuck said.

"The best reply I know is to say,
'Don't ask me why I should go naked.

Ask yourself why you don't. To tell you the truth I never go on a public beach without being disgusted. To our way of thinking a woman in one of way of thinking a woman in one of these modern bathing suits is in-decent."

We were joined by Flora, the wife of the Vancouver delegate, a tiny, vivacious woman.

Peepers in the Sky

"What appeals to me is the effect on the children," she said. "You know, we keep it a secret from most of our friends. Not that we're ashamed of it, mind you. It's just that nudism one thing people can't understand unless they try it themselves.

"A few weeks ago our 13-year-old daughter, Fay, came home from school and said that some of her girl friends had heard about her going to a nudist camp. They asked her if she would draw them pictures of the male body. Do you know, they hadn't any conception of it at all? I think that's disgraceful."

I asked Flora how she had come to

join the movement.

"Oh, Ray, my husband, had been interested in it for many years and used to visit a camp regularly," she

said. "I was horrified by the idea and we had a showdown about it. He asked me to go with him one week end on the understanding that he would if I didn't approve.

"Believe me I had to take off 30 ears of inhibitions that first morning. I think it was the worst 10 minutes of my life. But I became a convert right there and then."

She looked at me quizzically. "It isn't so difficult is it?"

"Not now," I agreed, "but I may think so later."

I had been invited to lunch by Matt, the young editor of a small-town Washington newspaper. We sat on the stoop of his small, orange trailer eating a salad from paper plates and watching the strange, busy scene before us. The airplane was now coming over in what seemed to be

regularly scheduled flights.
"One thing I don't understand," I said, "is what keeps a club like this together. After all the only interest

you share is nudism. Is that enough?"
"Well," Matt said, "it works out
better than you'd suppose. You have
to remember that most of these people
are ordinary, middle-class folks. All of the clubs try to get married couples and family groups. They rarely let in single people. New applicants are screened pretty carefully. It's very rare that any crackpot gets in. Well, we come up here week ends. Work on the property. Get to know each other. Make friends."

He began to point out various people in different jobs—an engineer at the Washington atomic plant, a truck driver, a furniture salesman, a husky police matron, the sales manager of tractor agency-but was interrupted by shouts from the swimming pool.

Came Two Uninvited Guests

We walked down in time to see the election of a king and queen of nudism. Nearly all of the 250 delegates had gathered on the grass slope.

A master of ceremonies of the familiar extrovert type called on all the male candidates to line up along the edge of the pool. They stood there like some burlesque chorus line, men of all ages and shapes, most of them with their extra folded expect their obests. their arms folded across their chests, apparently a characteristic pose of nudists. As the m.c. held a hand over each head the spectators applauded to show their approval.

The contest narrowed down to a choice between Rudolph, the Seattle club president, and Chuck, the husky Army captain. It was Rudolph who emerged as royalty, a triumph of personality over physique.

The contest for queen was conducted in a similar manner except that the women seemed more modest and there were fewer candidates. When the held his head over one very beautiful young woman there were wolf whistles from several of the men. Again it was not the most attractive but the most popular candidate who was selected.

Several camera fiends shot pictures

of the king and queen.

I wandered away to watch the volleyball, but a great shout from the pool drew me back. Someone had spotted two Peeping Toms in the bushes by the pool and King Rudolph and three or four other husky specimens grabbed them and brought them. mens grabbed them and brought them

mens grabbed them and brought them up into the clearing.

The whole population of the camp had run down to the spot and were hooting and taunting the interlopers.

They were both sharp-faced, middleaged men in city clothes. They were plainly frightened.

Rudolph gave them their choice of



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Halfbacks, Greenbacks and Red Ink

Continued from page 20

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Warren Stevens was one of the first of these, moving to Montreal in 1930 when the Winged Wheelers went in search of someone who could handle that new-fangled aspect of the Canadian game—the forward pass. The following year he went to the University of Toronto as a football coach and brought along a youngster with the seat out of his pants to help him, a youngster named Lew Hayman, late of the University of Syracuse. Hayman also helped teach passing to the Toronto Argonauts and, a year later, when the Argos were looking around for a coach, they decided to give young

Hayman an opportunity.

Hayman did pretty well for himself.

Today he is general manager and coach of the Montreal Alouettes at \$10,000 a year; he owns part of the club's

About the same time as Stevens and Hayman were becoming acquainted with Eastern Canadians, the Winnipeg Blue Bombers were importing players from the Dakotas, Minnesota and Wisconsin. They got Carl Cronin from Notre Dame and, later, Russ Rebholz and Greg Kabat from Wisconsin.

Yet at no time were Canadian teams compelled to mortgage their locker rooms to afford their visitors. The most celebrated import of the '30's, a frisky eatterlegs from North Dakota named scatteriegs from North Dakota named Fritz Hanson, got \$1,200 and a job as a candy salesman by Winnipeg. Art Stevenson, a quarterback from Nebraska, moved north in exchange for his tuition at medical school. Bert Oja, a great Minnesota lineman, used his ability to learn to operate a dentist's drill.

To compete with the standard of play the imports gave to Winnipeg the Calgary and Regina teams were compelled to call upon Americans like Ralph Pierce, Dean Griffing, Al Hoptowit and Paul Rowe.

Outcast Hits the Jackpot

In the East, Toronto, because of its large population, was always able to large population, was always able to produce enough good natives to maintain a high-playing standard, but Hamilton, Ottawa and Sarnia could keep pace only by giving employment to Americans who could play football. Abe Eliowitz and Johnny Ferraro came to Canada that way

That's the way football went in this country until the war. Two things, formation of the All America Conference in the States and the founding of the Montreal Alouettes, changed the picture completely in Eastern Canada.

The new professional league, competing in the open market with the long - established National League, forced a financial war in the States in which both leagues offered and paid fantastic prices for college graduates. Pro football, once an outcast, became a lucrative profession and to attract good players Canadian teams had to offer vastly increased wages.

The Alouettes, starting from scratch, offered lofty rates to good Canadians, as well as to good Americans. Other Canadian teams had to boost their

Because they were paying well, teams like Ottawa and Montreal were getting good players. Slowly the getting good players. Slowly the standard of play reached the point where the Argonauts, who never had employed an American, were overtaken. This year, paying about \$4,000 per man, they have hired five imports. Filchock gets more money in return

for his muscles because his employer gets more football player in return for his money. Frank was a highly paid halfback for the Washington Redskins and the New York Giants until 1946 when he became involved in a \$100,000 gambling charge at the time of the National League final between the Giants and the Chicago Bears. The Giants were pasted in that one, but Filchock played a magnificent game, figuring in both of the Giants' two touchdowns with his strike passing and exhaustive running. But the league suspendedFilchock indefinitely, though

it has yet to prove a case against him.

When he couldn't make a living in
his own country Filchock moved to
Hamilton. He coeched the Tigers
unofficially that 1947 season and the to play for nothing just so long as Filchock was paid \$7,500 and given a job in Hamilton to return as coach and quarterback of the club, which transferred to the weaker and less prosperous ORFII

Whispering Joe Moves In

Filchock accepted. The position, with a cement and concrete block company, was worth an additional \$3,000 a year and offered a good opportunity for advancement. As a player and coach Frank escorted the pea-green Tigers to the ORFU champion-ship without loss of a game and the club narrowly lost to Ottawa in the Eastern final in a game in which a hand injury on the second play prevented the master from firing his fearsome passes.

He was named quarterback on every-body's All-Canadian and it was conceded that any experienced club could buy itself the Grey Cup if it could buy Filchock. But later, when the Ottawa Rough Riders lured him to the Capitol for a chat and reportedly offered him everything but William Lyon Mackenzie King's weskit only to win his refusal, it was assumed by football dealers that he was doing a life term in Hamilton as a rising business man and permanent football coach.

It was at this stage that Ryan, business manager of the Alouettes, moved in. Whispering Joe, who had served the Winnipeg Blue Bombers as a recruiter of talent for 10 years before moving to Toronto to work for Eric Cradock, Toronto broker who owns a heavy piece of the Alouettes, was convinced at the time that Filchock could not be had. But one day late in January he happened to meet an old acquaintance from Hamilton who must, for reasons of his health, remain

"Why don't you have a chat with Filchock?" asked the Hamilton man. "Drop dead," replied Ryan (this was last January, remember).

"No, seriously, I understand the Filchocks would be interested in living in Montreal," the Hamilton man said. Ryan relayed this intelligence to

Cradock in Florida and asked how high

he could go when discussing vulgar dough with Frankie.

"Do not offer him the Sun Life Building as I do not own it," replied Cradock. "However, anything else would be reasonable."

So a couple of slushy Sundays later Ryan and Filchock came to terms. By them Frank was to receive \$8,500 for the 1949 season and \$9,500 for the season, a total of \$18,000. addition he was to receive \$300 a month for a job, amounting to \$7,200 for two years, for an over-all total of \$25,200.

The big point in the arrangement, though, was the discussion of the coaching job in 1951. Ryan said he understood Lew Hayman, currently



WINDSOR, WINNIPEG, REGINA, SASKATOON, EDMONTON, CALGARY, VANCOUVER, VICTORIA



SASKATOON, EDMONTON, CALGARY, VANCOUVER,

being thrown into the pool fully clothed or disrobing voluntarily and going in themselves. Both men began to take their clothes off to the accompaniment of jeers from the crowd. With their clothes off they looked chalk-white and undernourished among the sepia-skinned campers.

The peepers walked into the shallow

edge of the pool and, looking straight ahead, squatted in the water. As they did so the jeering turned to laughter. Several of the nudists applauded and shouted "Attaboy!" and "Good for you!

The two men began to smile sheepishly and when they walked out they were surrounded by men who shook them by the hand. The men lit proffered cigarettes and sat down. One of them, acting as a spokesman, was apologizing.

Later that evening when I went to one of the Army marquees to see the informal concert I was surprised to find the peepers still present, still in the nude and with the first pink glow of an

all-over sunburn. They seemed perfectly at ease.

The concert was not an artistic The concert was not an artistic triumph, but everyone seemed to be having a good time. Rudolph swung a pair of Indian clubs with abandon. The two girls did their self-conscious hula. The old, bald gentleman sawed his cello. A group of younger people tried the nudist song with conspicuous leak of success. lack of success

It was warm in the tent and nearly everyone was naked. Two bare women in front of me gossiped about the new clothes they had recently bought.

When I went out to get in my car the old couple with the Cadillac were climbing into their fine clothes. The old gentleman called me over.

"If you're writing a piece on nudism," he said, "there's an excellent quotation you might use: 'Your clothes conceal much of your beauty, yet they hide not the unbeautiful."

I thanked him and hurried on to get

into my trousers. *

NADIANECDOTE



He Duped the Duke

HIS Royal Highness the Duke of Kent was commander-inchief of all the military forces stationed in the Halifax area 150 years ago. His summer home, Prince's Lodge, now a pile of ruins on the west side of Bedford Basin, Halifax harbor, was both the military and social centre of the area in the years 1790 to the area in the years 1790 to 1800. Under the ruins there's still a dungeon. Both the Duke and the dungeon figure in this story.
One day the iron-willed Duke

met a drunken Scottish soldier on the Basin road. Considering the man had committed a serious military offense, the Duke wrote an order and commanded the man to deliver it to his sergeant. The order: "Give this man, the bearer, 40 lashes on the bare back and the dungeon.

No less shrewd than the thousands of Scot swaddies who have succeeded him, the drunk gave the order to the Duke's butler, told him to give it to the feared sergeant. The baffled butler got the business and lamented his fate in the dungeon. When the Duke called for his

Jeeves the next morning he was told the man was licking his wounds in the cell. Enraged at the neat switch the Duke called for a full parade of all troops.

Up the front row and down the rear went the Duke, but he could not find his man. He knew the offender was in the company but by some means had managed to elude him.

The Duke was a good sport as well as a hard master and when he had found himself outwitted he offered the culprit a quart of rum and a day off duty if he would step from the lines and explain how he evaded detection.

The offer was no sooner made than the Scot stepped out and saluted. He explained that he had formed up in the rear rank for he knew the Duke would examine the front line first. As the Duke went down this line and beyond his position the Scot then exchanged his place with a soldier in the front and thus eluded him.

This might come as a shock

This might come as a shock to latter-day privates who think they invented this still workable ruse.—Harry Bateson.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

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the resident brain on the Als' bench, the resident brain on the Als' bench, was considering retiring to the front office. Filchock probably will succeed Hayman, a large shareholder, as coach if and when Lew decides to devote more time to clipping coupons from his bends.

Just as forward passers were vital in the early '30's so, today, are accom-plished linemen. So many good backs were imported by all teams that it became necessary to import key linemen to plug the gaps gouged by the good backs. And the flashy back, if he happens to be a Canadian, is an important too. ant cog, too, in augmenting a backfield built around imported stars.

Canadian backs today are receiving anywhere from \$3,000, which the Alouettes pay Bob Cunningham, to \$5,000, which the Toronto Argonauts pay Joe Krol and Royal Copeland. Canadian linemen, at least those

employed by the Argonauts, come at \$100 a game for each starting assignment; \$50 a game if they dress but do not start.

Imports' salaries in this high compe tition have inflated accordingly. Herb Trawyck, Montreal's outstanding Negro lineman, is in the \$3,500 bracket and teammate halfback Virgil Wagner runs through the holes bulldozed by Trawyck for \$5,000.

These prices are general in the Big Four, where the Alouettes, Argos, Rough Riders and Hamilton Wildcats Rough Riders and Hamilton Wildcats perform, and are slightly lower in the Western Conference, comprised of the Blue Bombers, the Stampeders, the Regina Roughriders and the newly formed Edmonton Eskinos.

\$700,000 for Four Months

The eight teams employ about 40 mericans and 200 Canadians on Americans and 200 whom they spend about \$700,000 through four months each fall. Big business, indeed.

Football is operated like few other

businesses in this country. In most if salaries increase it's normal to assume profits are up. Not in football where at least three teams, Winnipeg, Regina and the Hamilton Wildcats, operated at a loss last season; where one, Calgary, barely broke even; and where three, Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto money. And none of the three made anything like a profit commen-surate with the risk and cash involved.

The new entry, Edmonton, will show a loss of at least \$10,000 on its \$75,000 investment in coach Annis Stukus' team this season but Edmonton, because of its great rivalry with Calgary, is prepared to lose twice that amount if it can build a team which eventually will crucify the Stampeders. Public subscriptions alone can keep Edmonton solvent because the team will play its games in a park accommodating barely

None of the stadiums in the West, in fact, have accommodation capable of providing a profit and that's why the teams lose money. Salaries don't come as high (for example, standout halfback Bob Sandberg, of Winnipeg, received \$3,200 last season; Calgary stars like Woody Strode and Keith Spaith, \$3,000 to \$3,500; the rest around \$2,000 and the natives \$1,000 to \$1,500) and consequently Eastern teams can pay about twice as much because their stadiums seat three to four times as

Distances between Western cities are so great that Joe Ryan, when he managed the Blue Bombers, once remarked: "We play this game for the railroads." Each club pays between \$15,000 and \$16,000 annually for traveling expenses while no Eastern club exceeds \$5,000.

Calgary, in winning the national

championship last fall, got narrowly championship last fall, got narrowly out of the red because it participated in a final that attracted 21,000 people to Toronto's Varsity Stadium. Its share of the receipts was enough to wipe out the deficit of Western Conference operations. Hamilton, a poor fourth in the Big Four, drew poorly at home and did not participate in learner players. league playoffs.

But crowds don't mean much in the West, except that without them the teams would go a little deeper into debt. What keeps football going in Western Canada is civic pride, gol darn it, and the merchants kicking in with outlandish sums for advertisements in club programs.

"If the ads in the program and the gate receipts fail to cover expenses we ask for an out-and-out donation," says Eddie Armstrong, president of the Blue Bombers. "Have we missed yet? Of course not. We're playing,

The chain of events which has turned football into a highly competitive business isn't viewed pleasantly by most executives

Says A. U. Chipman, past president of the Winnipeg Rugby Club (to give the Blue Bombers their square name);
"The club was formed originally for the promotion of amateur sports. It's getting so far away from that objective that I question very much if we can carry on much longer. Either we should get back to real amateurism or turn completely professional, in name as well as in practice. That way, there would be no raiding of players by other clubs with the resulting jockeying for

more money by players who, 10 years ago, couldn't have made the club."

Comments Clair Warner, past president of the Regina Roughriders: "I don't think this high-pressure football is worth the money our citizens lavish on it. Money would be better spent, I feel, if it were turned over to kids organizations to provide playground facilities. As long as we're going to have good football that can't happen because we need every cent we

raise to compete with the high standard

of ball in the East."

By the East, Warner means only the rich clubs, the Alouettes, the Argonauts and the Ottawa Rough Riders.

Teams in the ORFU have budgets of about \$20,000 and, of course, the standard of competition is correspond-

Teams like Balmy Beach, Sarnia and Windsor are comprised of home brews whose only remuneration is a split of

profits, if any, at the end of the season.

The Hamilton Tigers, ORFU kingpins, spend more money on players than their rivals, consequently rule the group. But they spend considerably less than the Big Four clubs and so they are always walloped in the Eastern final. The Tigers had Filchock last year, turned to an American star named Merle Hapes this year when Filchock departed. Hapes was a teammate of Filchock's on the New York Giants and was suspended along with Frank in connection with the gambling investigation.

A Greater Grey Cup Gate

The question of how a group of grown men dressed in short pants chasing a chunk of leather can cost their backers, let us say, \$90,000 in four months is an intriguing one. I put it to Bob Masterson, the hulking coach of the University of Toronto Blues, the 1948 intercollegiate champions, because Masterson knows football from 10 years as a player with the Washington Redskins (when he centriced in 1942 and 1942). (whom he captained in 1942 and 1943), the Brooklyn Dodgers, the Boston Yanks and the New York Yankees.

"If you had an unlimited supply of money and were instructed to win the Grey Cup, how would you go about I asked him. His reply:

"I'd get seven American imports, concentrating on linemen, because Canadian linemen are lacking in fundamentals of blocking and tackling and Canadian backs are easy to teach. If I really wanted the Grey Cup I'd pay Continued on page 32

JASPER

By Simpkins



You want a room for all winter?

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1949

And blicity. he fans dio and you call \$5,000. ough I.

That's neal for teak or feel the to buy for the at, too, d \$1.15 ess you s \$6.90 e your d each

\$2,070. blicity. nd total y Cup

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ting it together again. There was less than a handful of shells left from the two boxes he had taken out in the morning. He took them out of the box to put them in his coat. It was then he noticed the "4" on the end of one. They were all "4's!" He looked at the empty box—"Long Range 6's." It was his box of shells all right, the full one had taken the blick the history.

one he had taken out to the blind.

Then he saw the piece of paper in the bottom. It was a note—"See what I mean, John Tabor?" was all it said.
"The little hellion switched shells on me," he said, half-aloud."

me," he said, half-aloud."
"What's that Mr. Tabor?" asked

"Nothing—just talking to myself," said John Tabor, pushing the note in his pocket.

DURING the winter and, more particularly, when the crocuses popped in Central Park, John Tabor began to have Frankie trouble. The only similar symptoms he could recall involved a freckle-faced girl who had sat two seats ahead of him in grade 8. Parties, even good parties, tended to become a bore.

When Fifth Avenue shop windows once more got cluttered up with autumn leaves and post-and-rail fences and Abercrombie and Fitch broke out in a rush of hunter's red and khaki, John Tabor had to take himself in hand. Twice, in as many days, he dictated a wire to old Angus Macdowell reserving space for opening day and twice he refused to sign it. Each and twice he refused to sign it. Each time he tried to tell himself it was ducks he was going after and each time the small voice inside him told him to quit kidding.

kidding.

Then Friedman called from Chicago.
B. J. wasn't fooling.

"It's that bid we have in with Explorations Ltd. up in Canada.
Been hanging fire almost a year now," he puffed. "Just heard Michigan Steel have sent Sam Smedley up on the job and we don't like it, boy. You know Sam."

Tabor admitted that he did. The big high-pressure windbag.

"We figure this order may eventually mean millions to Turbines Inc.— Michigan Steel are on to it all right and

Michigan Steel are on to it all right and Sam will be putting on the heat—"
John Tabor could see the boys sitting around the boardroom table nodding their heads, listening to B. J.
"The way we feel about it, John—we've got to bring our heavy guns up fast or we're going to lose out. The boys think you should take a run up to Montreal yourself."
"Okay" agreed Tabor. "I'll get the first plane out in the morning. You'd

"Okay" agreed Tabor. "I'll get the first plane out in the morning. You'd better wire Explorations."

"Fine, boy—fine. That's taken a weight off our shoulders. Say, watch out for Calder, president of Explorations. He's tough mining engineer—take a bit of handling."

"Shall do." "Shall do."

BAD weather delayed arrival at Dorval by more than an hour so John took a cab straight to the offices of Explorations Ltd. The blonde at the switchboard looked up and stopped

chewing gum.
"Yes, Mr. Tabor—" she paused to finger her hair and flick her eyelashes. 'Mr. Calder's secretary has been ex-

pecting you—."

As he pushed open the door a voice came to meet him. It was pleasing, and

distinctly familiar.
"You're late, Mr. Tabor," it said.

A trim, businesslike female moved towards him from behind the mahogany reception desk. She wore her golden-red hair in ringlets, high on her head, and smiled at him through blue eyes-eyes the color of a teal's wing patch.

John Tabor's mouth opened and

emitted strange sounds.
"Oh, yes," she said. "I thought you knew—Mr. Calder is really Uncle Bill.
He is waiting for you now."

John Tabor found himself propelled through the green baize door and into

through the green baize door and into the presence of William Calder.

"Glad you're here, Tabor," he growled, thrusting out a big fist. "But I'm afraid it's too late . . . I like the kind of machinery Turbines turn out, but your price is away over our heads . . . A long way over . . . As a matter of fact we had all but reached a decision and it isn't favorable to you."

John Tabor watched his man through

John Tabor watched his man through the cigar smoke. He was certain Calder favored Turbine over Michigan Steel. He'd play his cards face up.

That's very disappointing, Mr. der. We want this contract and we're not particular what we make on it. We want to get in on the ground. floor of this development. If you would like our machinery in your mines then we ought to be able to work out a deal that would suit us both."

"Uh . . . huh," said William Calder leaning forward. "Go on talking young men."

An hour later John Tabor walked out with a twenty-four hour reprieve for Turbines Inc. and the right to evise and resubmit their estimates by

the next morning.

He found the outer office disappointingly empty. After all, he told himself, it would have been good business to take Miss Macdowell out for lunch. Out of consideration for Turbines I td. of course. Turbines Ltd., of course.

On these grounds he stopped and asked the switchboard girl if Miss Macdowell would be returning. The blonde arched her overpencilled eye-

"Oh, no—Mr. Tabor. Miss Macdowell has gone to lunch" adding in an over-the-shoulder tone. "She had a luncheon date with Mr. Sam Smedley."

John snorted as he picked up his brief case and darted for the elevator. He called Chicago as soon as he reached his hotel.

"Is Sam Smedley getting anywhere?" was Friedman's first sally.
"Uh-huh—I think so," admitted Tabor. "The loud-mouthed so and so!" B. J. was startled. He had never known John Tabor to put so much

right down to the bone."

Take I be much feeling into a business conversation.

"Well, boy—don't take it hard. I'll get the engineers in right away—we'll cut right down to the bone."

At five minutes of five John Tabor had his draft revision in the hands of the public stenographer. He looked at his watch, reached for the telephone and put in Explorations' number.

"Miss Macdowell, please."

"Just a minute, sir."

Her voice, over the telephone, sounded just as he expected it would, only more so. She was sorry she had not seen him when he left the office, but the had a luncheon engagement.

"That's all right," he off-handed.
"How about dinner tonight. Be nice to celebrate the contract in advance."
There was a pause. "I'm awfully sorry. Mr. Tabor, but I already have

There was a pause. "I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Tabor—but I already have a dinner engagement . . ." another pause, and then. "And look, don't be too certain about the contract, your opposition, I'm afraid, has it all over Turbines like a tent . . . on price, I mean." Another pause. "But I'm glad you called . . . I would like your revised estimates first thing in the morning . . . so I can have copies made for the Board meeting."

John Tabor dined alone. Afterward he wandered about the lobby for a time then bought The Times at the newsstand and retrocked newsstand and retreated to his room.

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by Margé



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Two handy forms: Use Bon Ami Powder in the convenient sifter-top can, or thrifty, long-lasting Bon Ami Cake.



Continued from page 30 \$6,000 a man but it isn't necessary to go that high to get players who are adequate so let's say I'd average \$4,000. I'd pay keymen a little more, others a

"Presumably I'd have seen other Canadian teams in action before I set about building this dream outfit so I'd want to import at least eight Canadians. They'd come around \$2,500 each. These 15 men would be my backbone. On a 28-man squad I'd get the other 13 from my town. The local kids would get \$1,000 each. What have I spent now

He'd spent \$61,000.

"Okay, to coach my Grey Cup winner I'm going to Minnesota or New York for my man and I'll get him for \$7,500. He'll be a bright young man who can make speeches, do lot of good public relations work and he'll be a guy who played good ball and then proved he knew how to coach. I won't get him for less than

\$7,500. "I want good equipment for my 28 en. It'll cost around \$150 per man. It'll cost another \$1,000 for the expenses involved in tryouts for players who don't make the team. I'll spend \$375 for a charging sled so the linemen can learn to charge and trackle properly. That's not a hanging tackling dummy, although I'll need one of those, too, for \$200. Another \$600 for blocking dummies, 12 of 'em, so the linemen can work on their shoulder blocking. Now what have I spent?"
Coach, equipment, training proper-

another \$13,875.

"Fine, now I want a good trainer; a locker-room man is important both in the work he does and in the spirit he keeps in the dressing room. He'll have the usual supply of bandages, tape, cotton, oranges, iodine and so on. Put him down at \$2,000. The medical retainer for a club physician can be

almost anything. Lots of doctors are fans and do their work for practically nothing. If you run into a flock of injuries, though, you need a good man not a fan. Give retainer of \$1,500. Give the club doctor a

"There'll be traveling expenses. Let's say \$5,000 for the railroads. And publicity, let us not forget publicity. If we don't sell this club to the fans we'll never fill our ball park. Radio and Press advertising and, what do you call it? good will? That'll cost us \$5,000.

"My final item is optional though I,

personally, am in favor of it. That's the training table. A daily meal for the squad after practice, a steak or roast-beef dinner. Some clubs feel the players are paid enough money to buy their own meals. I like the idea for the spirit it engenders. A meal a day for 30 men (the coach and trainer eat, too, you know) can be had for around \$1.15 because of the volume of business you provide so, for six days, that's \$6.90 per man per week. Operate your training table for 10 weeks and each man costs \$69. Thirty men, \$2,070.

How does that add up?"

Trainer, doctor, traveling, publicity, training table: \$15,570, or a grand total of \$90,445.

"Okay, I'll win you the Grey Cup

for \$90,445.'

You will," provided Joe Ryan, who had heard the question posed, "provided you aren't required to pay a park rental fee. We play in the ball park at Montreal for \$20,000 a year. We have a year-round office staff too, of course, which you haven't considered. Costs us \$4,000. By and large, though, you've a pretty good team assembled.

you've a pretty good team assembled.
"You could win the Grey Cupproviding none of your keymen fell
below last year's form, didn't break a leg, got along well with the other guys, didn't fumble the ball on the one-yard line, didn't miss a block that cost the winning touchdown, didn't . . ." *

The Girl With the Teal **Blue Eyes**

Continued from page 19

that distance. So he swore, and tried to grin back.

When they picked her up she had seven to his five, and he found himself trying to avoid the blue eyes.

"You were shooting better today, Mr. Tabor," she said brightly. "Too they're bad you didn't switch to 4'shard to reach out there

John Tabor said nothing. That night they played gin-rummy.

She talked about everything under the sun except ducks and John Tabor felt she was steering the conversation away from them to spare his feelings. That made him even more irritable and sent him to his bunk early.

Old Angus watched him set out two new boxes of shells ready for morning. "Maybe, Mr. Tabor, you would like the backend of the bay in the morning," he suggested.

Tabor took the pipe out of his mouth. The girl's blue eyes were back had a half-smile on her lips.
"I be said shortly. "I'll take the

"No," he said shortly.

IN THE morning it was Joe, the Indian guide, who took him out. He wanted to ask about Frankie, but

remembered he had decided to put the girl out of his mind.

"Mr. Macdowell not about this morning?" he asked instead.

said Joe, yanking at the string. "Had to drive over to starter string. the station.'

After putting out the decoys the Indian turned the boat and headed off into open water. Frankie must have come out ahead he thought. Immediately he set her out of his mind. Mustn't let that redhead get under his skin. He was in for a stretch of high and fancy duck shooting.

The first bunch of Northern ducks that came in proved he was right. He

"You're going to be busy today, girl," he informed the Labrador when she came back with the first kill. And he was right. Before the morning shoot was over he had his limit.
Whistlers, blue bills — mallards —
Smarty pants could cast her blue eyes over that lot and lump it!

Too bad she hadn't been out to see There had been no decoys set at the end of the bay.

Old Angus picked him up. "That's a grand lot of ducks you have, Mr. Tabor. You must ha' been right on today."

John grinned. "Makes a difference hen a man gets settled," he said when a modestly

Passing the islands he shouted to the d man in the stern. "Frankie not old man in the stern.

shooting today?"
Angus shook his head. "No—had to go back to the city—Too bad, the lassie likes her duck hunting—But her Uncle Bill, she works for him-and she had to go back."

For some reason the value of the ducks in the bottom of the boat took a sudden slump in John Tabor's mind.

The cabin seemed empty and cheer-is despite the efforts of the log fire. Tabor fussed about with his gear all evening taking his gun down and put-

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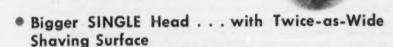


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^aThis figure is based on surveys by two national magazines



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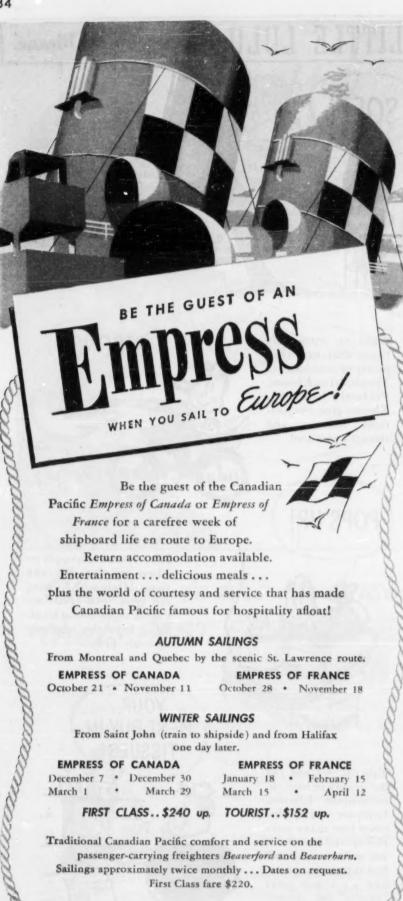
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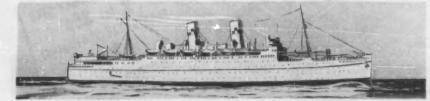
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Canadian Pacific



He read the financial page and wondered if she was dining with Sam Smedley. Then he read the sports ... and wondered the same Halfway through the foreign news he wondered what a girl like that could see in a windbag like Smedley. Finally, he threw the newspaper on the bed and reached for his shoes. Might as well go and look for some life as sit and moon over somebody's private secre-

He was following the Normandy Roof headwaiter when he spotted the green dress on the dance floor. Green when you looked at it from one angle and silverish when you looked at it from another. Whichever way, what was in it looked good. Then his eyes, traveling upward, saw the red-gold hair and, beside it, Sam Smedley's full-moon face.

The music stopped and he could see

they were going to pass his table.
"Hi-ya, John, boy," said Sam. "How
did they pry you loose from New York with the shows just starting?"

John ignored that one and the band

saved him.

Perhaps--I might have one dance,"

he suggested.
"Oh, yes," said Frankie. "I'm sure

UT on the floor she rested her head on his left lapel.

"Nice dress," he said.
"Thank you, sir," she
"They call it 'Elfin Green' she replied it's really the color of a mallard drake's

"The season opens next week," he id. "Going up for opening day?"
"Why, of course," she paused. "And

you'

"All depends on how I make out with Explorations Ltd."

She didn't comment on that, but gave her full attention to the music.
"Look," he said. "I thought you "Look," he said. "I thought you didn't care for men with bay windows

and cigar smokers." 'I didn't say that "Oh, yes, you did. At the Lodge

that first day when I came in.' "Person's taste can change in a

Back at their table he thanked her "Think nothing of it am butted in. "Just for the dance. "Think nothing Johnny boy," Sam butted in.

chalk it up to Michigan Steel, eh In the morning, while the uniformed messenger boy stood by, picking his teeth, John Tabor sat in his dressing

gown scribbling a note to enclose with the estimates. "Dear Miss Macdowell: Please call my room when Mr. Calder is ready to see me. I hope the attached is in good order. Yours very truly, John Tabor." On rereading it looked too curt so he added a P.S. "How about lunch? I am taking up cigar smoking, the best I can do on short notice.

Two packs of cigarettes later the telephone rang.

"Good morning, Mr. Tabor,"—her voice had a correct Explorations Ltd. intonation. "Mr. Calder and the Board of Directors are ready to see could you come over immediately?"
"Yes, I'll be right over . . ."
"Thank you, Mr. Tabor."

"How about that luncheon . . . hello

"How about.
... hello ..."
"Yes, Mr. Tabor?" ... it was the switchboard blonde. "Do you wish me to connect you again?"
"No!" he shouted, reaching for

than the hotel elevator. Obviously she knew Turbines Ltd. hadn't a chance and was avoiding him.

She was waiting for him in the outer office, trim with efficiency and

"They're waiting for you. I had copies of your revised estimate prepared," she said, giving him I had pared," she said, giving him the binder. He started to say he had a copy in his brief case, but by then she had the boardroom door open.

Old man Calder was using words the way a man drills hard-rock. "Good effort of yours, Tabor—to meet our budget. Hoped from the outset to be able to use Turbines' equipment. Your cut of \$20,000 most gratifying .

John Tabor opened his mouth to correct the figure to \$50,000, but the chairman was going on in a manner of a man who is not used to being interrupted.

"We are unanimous in the opinion
... that Turbines should get the
order ... at your revised price of
\$300,000. It will be necessary for your engineers to

Tabor reached for his brief case.
There it was in black and white. "Revised total cost \$270,000."

He opened the folder Frankie had given him. A neat, accurate copy, except it read . . "Revised total \$300,000." He closed the folder, ran a finger around the inside of his collar and tried to focus his attention on Calder's talk.

IN THE outer office he found Frankie alone, staring out of the window. "You changed those figures," he accused. "Nearly made a fool of me in front of the Board—that's even worse than switching a man's shells."

She was dabbing at her nose with a ndkerchief. "I know I did—it handkerchief. wasn't fair to poor Mr. Smedley—and

he's such a nice man."

John Tabor edged closer—to look fifteen stories down, pigeons was zooming on and off Queen Victoria's regal stone head.

'Why did you do it then?"

"Because—because Uncle Will would never have approved so large a cut—it would have made him suspicious—and—and—because you're such an over and under fool, John."

She turned toward him and neither of them were watching the old Queen and the pigeons. He kissed her forehead where the red-gold started. Then he kissed one ear.

"Oh—John—you are such an over and under fool—"

Then he kissed her on the lips He was continuing to do so thirty seconds later when a noise like that of a displeased bull moose came from behind.

"Hr . umph!" it went again. John turned about still holding Frankie. It Uncle Will.

'What is going on here!" roared Uncle Will.

Well, sir," Tabor fumbled "We're just planning some duck shoot-

"Duck shooting! . . is that what

they call it now."
"Yes, Uncle Will," Frankie came to
the rescue. "John is just going out to buy shells-loaded for duck-4's."

"6's." corrected John Tabor.

"4's," said Frankie firmly.

John Tabor's right hand left the region of Frankie's waist and, describing a half circle, came down smartly on that portion of her anatomy admirably

designed, among other things, to fit the thwarts of a duckboat. "6's," he repeated as he made contact.

Uncle Will, muttering, retreated ack into his board room. And Frankie, who had always dreamed of being married in the village kirk when the northern ducks were coming in, capitulated. She had already ordered enough shells for two to shoot out the season-4's. *

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You've waited so long for this moment

... When all the riches of the world's musical entertainment could be yours . . .

The higher fidelity broadcasts . . . the brilliant "full-range" recordings . . . the new "longplaying" records . . . they are all yours, now, in these matchless new Westinghouse models. . . Glorified and enriched by the magic of Westinghouse Polyphonic Reproduction with

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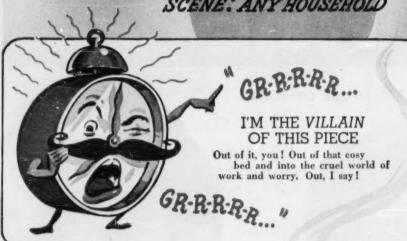
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SCENE: ANY HOUSEHOLD



"AND I'M THE HERO

I'm the silent type. I say nothing. My presence steals through the house - fragrant - inviting - compelling. Not just a smell of coffee but the enticing aroma of MAXWELL HOUSE, the coffee that is bought and enjoyed by more people than any other brand of coffee in the world

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You hurry down-

You sip . . . drink deep. Mm-m-m! How delicious. How heartening. What glorious flavor. Extra rich because Maxwell House contains choice Latin-American coffees. Extra smooth because it's blended

by men who are masters of their craft. Extra full-bodied because Radiant Roasting develops every atom of its extra goodness.

> You're all set - raring to go. Virtue triumphs. Maxwell House always starts off the day right.

T'S true economy to make Maxwell House your regular coffee. It costs only a fraction of a cent more per cup than the lowest-priced coffees sold. It gives you so much more for

Ask your grocer for "Maxwell House" today.

Maxwell House Coffee

SUPER-VACUUM Drip & Regular

A Product of General Foods



GLASSINE-LINED All Purpo Grind



Those Middle-age Blues

Continued from page 15

ago. He fears the unknown. He asks himself grimly, "What lies ahead?" The answer can be disturbing.

He receives scant comfort from medi-cal charts and statistics which warn him that he is the person most likely to contract cancer, arthritis, diabetes or heart disease. Similarly, he has figures quoted at him to show that his

mental health may be in jeopardy.

Balzac once observed "a man wants to be famous and loved, a woman just wants to be loved." There is hardly a man who in his 40's does not review his past life and ask, "Have I been a success?" Most men must confess that, in some measure, they have failed to realize all that they set out to do. Yet, at the same time, the middle-

ager is conscious of the fact that there is not too much he can do about it. His energies are declining. He cannot easily launch into new schemes. He has a wife and a family.

Again, it is in middle age that the average father has the greatest de-mands made of him by his family. His children are growing up and he is asked to make way for them. Perhaps there are university fees to be paid. Or maybe they are just starting out in business and need encouragement and assistance.

Sex Isn't a Shot in the Arm

Many middle-aged males are particularly concerned about sex. Man is particularly proud of his virility -and any indication, real or fancied, that he is slipping is cause for real concern. There are often misgivings, regrets, frustration, and disillusionment. The middle-aged man is often

'Fear," says Dr. John M. Griffin, medical director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene (Canada), "is largely a reaction to the unknown. Uncertainty usually conjures up evils far worse than reality." To combat fear a man reaching middle age needs To combat objective scientific facts. What is it?
What will it do to his mind? To his
body? How can he best meet it?"
The truth is that middle age is

seldom as bad as it looks from the

beginning.

The average male who is reasonably healthy and happy with his job, his family and his social life, needn't worry about what lies ahead. There may be a little stress and strain but these can be intelligently dealt with providing he understands what is happening to

Fortunately there are no sudden spectacular changes in the body. But a middle-ager must realize he is ageing and there should be a sensible reduction of his activities. Despite everything, bones become more brittle, muscles lose resilience, and the fibres of the arteries less springy. Digestive processes, too, are slower.

Some men, through mistaken pride, try to do at 55 what they did at 25. After a lazy week at a desk they think nothing of playing several sets of tennis

or climbing uphill ski trails for miles. Thirty thousand Canadians die each year from circulatory and heart ailments. Many of the dead are middle-aged men who commit "week-end suicide."

The rules of good health for middle age are the same as the rules for any other age. You should have a regular medical examination, you should keep your weight down, your living habits should be sensible, and you should not engage in exercises too strenuous for your age.

The fear of declining sex vigor sends many a middle-ager to his doctor's office to demand some fancy nostrum

that will give him back his old pep.
Like the men of past ages the
Canadian male cherishes the dream
that there's some magic potion capable of restoring youth. The current favorite is testosterone, a chemical which resembles the internal secretion of the male sex glands. Formerly extracted at great expense from animal testes and urine it is now synthesized in large quantities. It may be taken in different ways. Sometimes it is injected into a muscle as testosterone propionate in oil; at other times it is taken by mouth in pill or liquid form.

The sensible physician prescribes testosterone with great caution. And with good reason. Not only is it ineffective

for most middle-aged patients, but it can be also really dangerous.

Dr. W. W. Bauer, director of the American Medical Association's bureau of health education, explains it this way: "The man who believes he can restore his virility by a shot in the arm is misguided. Ageing is more than a sexual process. Getting old involves the whole human mechanism. If you administer testosterone indiscriminately you give a man a false sense of youth-fulness. This would be as risky as putting a high-powered 1949 engine in a tired and worn 1929 chassis and opening the throttle wide."

The prescription of this drug to give a man more "maleness" is a difficult decision for your doctor to make. It is not enough merely to increase the male sex hormone secretions. Sex vigor is determined by the well-balanced functioning of other glands besides the sex glands—especially the pituitary, the thyroid, the adrenal and the pineal.

A doctor by careful diagnosis must determine each case on its merits. Where a particular type of glandular imbalance exists, testosterone may be the answer. In such cases, the oncegloomy, down - at - the - mouth middle-ager will stage a remarkable recovery.

But the chances are that any decline of sex enthusiasm during the early 40's lies in conditions not related to sex at all. High blood pressure, overweight, heart or blood vessel disease, unwise use of alcohol, overwork, overambition, emotional conflicts—all these can contribute to the lessening of the male hormone secretion. These are the conditions that would have to be treated before any real improvement would take place.

Just as children are susceptible to measles so is the middle-aged male in danger of contracting a condition some times referred to as "middle-aged folly."

The outward symptoms are well known. A middle-aged married man who has never strayed before suddenly goes in pursuit of girls many years younger. One social statistician estimates that in the U. S. last year 150,000 men over 40 were divorced by their wives because of their attachment to younger women.

Students of human behavior have offered several interesting answers for this wholesale philandering.

In some cases, they say, the fault Continued on page 38

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The pause that refreshes

Continued from page 36
can be partly attributed to our society. The successful businessman in his 40's and 50's has an exalted feeling of power and achievement. He can enjoy the finest houses, clothes and cars, so why shouldn't he enjoy sexual success as well? The attention of younger women flatters him, makes him feel younger. From the woman's point of view, she may have real respect for the man's intelligence and accomplishments and

the relationship can be a profitable one. In other cases, the answer may lie in the uneven sexual growth of the male and female of the species. When a man is 20, his sexual demands are more urgent than his wife's and he is the aggressive wooer. At 40, there is a turnabout. The wife is much more likely to woo her husband.

This new situation is discomforting to a man. He asks himself, "Am I no longer interested in sex?" To reassure himself he goes in search of another woman—one he can pursue.

But the mature man faces up to the fact that in matters of sex he isn't the

gay blade he used to be. He accepts the new situation gracefully, knowing that his sex life must be modified. There's another important factor—

There's another important factor—economics. Middle-agers know that the economic pace is swift today. Soon they will be competing with younger men for their jobs. Often, they have uneasily noticed Help Wanted ads that specify, "Only young men need apply."

Certain primitive tribes in the South Pacific periodically compelled their older tribesmen to climb to the top of the highest coconut tree in the vicinity. Two young huskies would then shake the tree as hard as they could. If the oldster could hang on he won the right to continue living. If he fell his sentence was automatically executed.

In North America we practice a similar custom, though our methods may be less crude. By refusing to hire men over 40 or 45, tens of thousands of our citizens are condemned to premature old age, and sometimes, destitution.

Employers who discriminate against the middle-ager are guided more by fancy than by fact. The wartime labor shortage proved that even men over 70 can well earn their week's pay. The Harvard University Fatigue

The Harvard University Fatigue Laboratory, after wide investigation, reported it was a "social myth" to assume there was a rapid decline in the quality and quantity of work after 40.

There's evidence to prove that the most responsible work in almost every activity in Canada is being done by the 40-65 age group. What the older worker might lack in speed, he compensates for in character, judgment and skill. And he's less likely to be guilty of absenteeism.

But there is undoubtedly a falling-off in co-ordination and physical endurance. And the middle-age period does bring with it emotional hurdles—a dread of insecurity, a reluctance to try new things, and sometimes irritability and boredom. Experts claim, however, that "if certain adjustments in management and methods are made to meet the special problems of the middle-aged group, they present a normal picture of health, security and efficiency."

Keep Meeting New People

There's no universal formula on how to greet middle age. Every man is unique, with his own personality, his own background, his own problems and needs. But there are a few simple principles.

Admit to yourself that you are getting older. Middle age is a new period in one's life—and gradual adjustments have to be made. Refusal to admit this can lead to many difficulties. There is nothing more pathetic than the man of 50 who persists in competing with the young buck of 20.

the man of 50 who persists in competing with the young buck of 20. Select new, attainable goals. Maybe you can't become a millionaire or the mayor of your town but there are other goals worth aiming at. There are civic, philanthropic, cultural and recreational activities that can give you the recognition and enjoyment you need

rition and enjoyment you need.
Your accent should be on skill and experience, not physical energy. The internationally known director of the Old Age Counseling Centre, New York, Dr. George Lawton, advises the middle-ager: "A man must learn to push around not his body, but his midd".

around, not his body, but his mind."
Be sensible about your health. Consult your physician about diet, rest, exercise and recreation and follow his advice sensibly.

Don't let your interests narrow. Before 200 A.D. the Greek medical writer Galen noted that "employment is nature's best physician and essential to human happiness." You should make every effort to continue your old interests and develop new ones.

It's also important to have a circle of congenial friends and to meet new

Know something about your mental problems. Realize that you are not alone in experiencing emotional discomforts; feelings of regret, self-blame and inferiority are common enough in later years. The important thing is to retain a sense of humor and proportion.



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Hot-Water Skipper
Continued from page 21

long-winded apologia of one senior CSL official with an abrupt, "Tell me what you want in one sentence—then get the hell out."

It is useless to attempt to capture in public print the full gunpowder flavor of the Reoch speech, which is normally so bursting with lower deck expletives that he registers a distinct air of strain in female company and his public relations department is terrified at the thought of the general manager being asked to address a women's club.

Brawn-and Brains Too

Canadian seamen from the head of the Great Lakes to the deep waters of the Saguenay River have spread the reputation of the redoubtable Reoch ever since the days when he skippered a grimy CSL freighter in a masterful manner which inspired his crew to dub him "Captain God." His inclination to silence complaints with a swift powerhouse right rather than with placating talk spurred others to call him "Skipper Sin."

Although he appears to revel in his reputation as a tough guy the captain on CSL's bridge has given many demonstrations of smart headwork along with his penchant for slugging it out. At 23 he became one of the youngest men ever to win his masters' papers on the lakes. When first pulled off his ship to be CSL's shore captain in Toronto in 1942 he promptly bearded company directors in their Montreal den to insist CSL be equipped at considerable outlay with the best modern navigational and safety devices.

Upon becoming general manager this year he took a quick look at CSL's three summer hotels and pulled a rightabout switch in their control which, in one season, has already cut expenses and upped efficiency. His direction of CSL's big battle with the Canadian Seamen's Union also showed Reoch to possess tactical skill.

Whether operating with brain or brawn his violent jousts with the CSU have won him the reputation in many of the higher labor circles as a strike-breaker par excellence and Trade Union Enemy No. 1.

"I'm Proud of My Part"

At a special Trades and Labor Congress conference in Ottawa last year a huge float was paraded through the streets showing a Frankensteinish monster labeled "Reoch" gleefully lynching a poor little guy called "labor."

The president of Canada's other major labor group, A. R. Mosher of the Canadian Congress of Labor, calls Reoch "not only one of the most dangerous but one of the bitterest enemies of organized labor in this country."

On the other hand, Capt. R. Scott Misener, boss of the Sarnia and Colonial Lines—one of CSL's largest rivals—but a doughty ally in CSL's union battles, pays tribute to Reoch "for his foresight in realizing from the start that the organization of the Canadian Seamen's Union represented a Communist attempt to sabotage shipping on the Great Lakes."

Reoch himself has heartily admitted

Reoch himself has heartily admitted to being a "union buster" where the CSU is concerned. Says he, "I like the title. And I'm proud of my part in ridding the country of this Red-infested group of agitators."

In 1946 the CSU called a strike for an eight-hour day touching off 28 days of bitter dock and canal-side fighting in which 100 were injured and 200 (all strikers) jailed. The CSL capitulated, abandoned the 84-hour week and accepted the union's demands. But before the shipping season had properly opened the following spring the CSU got a double-barreled surprise. Pat Sullivan, the union's ardent leader since its formation in 1936, suddenly quit, announced himself a reformed Communist and denounced the CSU as a Communist - front organization. The ex-Communist emerged as leader of a company union called the Canadian Lake Seamen's Union, an organization generally denounced by Canadian labor.

During the 1947 campaign against the CSU Reoch hired a special train to haul Sullivan's men from Montreal to Welland, also employed chartered planes and trucks to rush needed men to man CSU-deserted ships. Once in an attempt to run a gauntlet of picketers he hid men in the trunks of automobiles. He himself traveled upward of 2,000 miles a week as the action shifted from front to front.

Reoch to the Rescue

Newspaper stories and pictures again and again reported that CSU pickets boarded struck ships armed with heavy wrenches, iron bars, and other weapons with which to convince Sullivan men of the wisdom in going ashore. Early in the show Reoch charged the strikers with wielding baseball bats and promptly armed all CSL ships with shotguns, revolvers, tear-gasguns and steam hoses. He also provided buckets of steel punchings for crews to throw back at stone-tossing pickets who lined canals and locks.

The climax was the Sarnia shooting. In this case court evidence indicated that the boarders had been unarmed; but the wounded strikers went to jail for six months and the Chief Engineer Murphy went free with a judicial reprimand.

Reoch passed many an all-night vigil on a canal bank when action was at its peak. When strikers tied up a CSL boat in the Soulanges Canal he rushed there, boarded the ship and personally took it through the canal without mishap.

By the time the 1948 season opened Sullivan had vanished from the scene and his organization had been neatly swallowed by the Seafarer's International Union, a powerful AFL union from the United States which was quite happy to expand into the vacuum created by the flat refusal of CSL and the Misener lines to do business with the Canadian Seamen's Union.

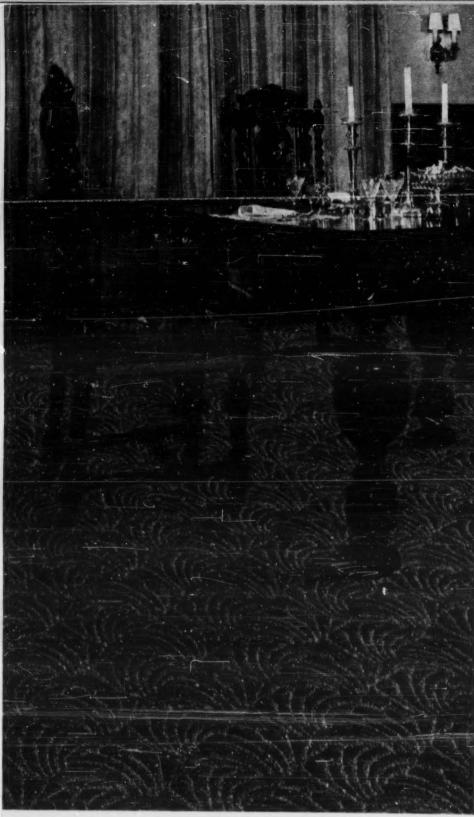
While the short 1946 strike alone is estimated to have cost CSL upward of \$1,500,000, the 1948 campaign ran on all summer and proved the most violent yet. A single item on the 1948 bill was \$200,000 in damages to CSL ships, for which the firm is suing the union.

Altogether more than 100 men were badly beaten, 300 union members were arrested and 200 of them went to jail. In most cases the charges amounted to trespassing, and, under the Canada Shipping Act, none of the strikers were allowed trial by jury

strikers were allowed trial by jury.

It is a constant source of amazement not only to CSL personnel but to the union that through all this violence and bloodshed the towering figure of Captain Reoch lumbered unscathed. His life has been threatened many times and he gloats over the anonymous telephone and mail threats to "get him."

"I'm ready for the dirty rats!" he growls with an ominous, rumbling chuckle. "Let 'em come!" He makes no bones about the fact that he keeps Continued on page 42



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to school in the fall but I just didn't show up. Instead I shipped out on an

ocean-going tramp steamer."
Summers he sailed the lakes, winters the seas. He visited almost every country in the world except Sweden, Australia and New Zealand. When he was 22 he spent a winter ashore (working in the world except Sweden, Etc.) ing in the rug department of Eaton's Toronto store) because he was going through the Masons—today he is a

A year later he left the rugs to take

out his master's certificate and it was not long before he had his first command, the CSL freighter Kinmount.

In 1942, after 13 years in the wheelhouse, Reoch was made CSL shore captain at Toronto. The next year he was promoted to marine superintendent. was promoted to marine superintendent and in 1945, operating manager at Montreal. Besides keeping the ships moving Reoch's job was to handle the union. He did it so effectively that when in April of this year CSL directors urged ailing, 78-year-old president W. H. Coverdale to delegate most of his authority to a younger man, Coverdale called for 42-year-old Reoch.

When Reoch entered the board room the president stretched out his hand. "Glad to shake hands with the new general manager," he wheezed. It was the first Reoch had heard of it. It was also the first time CSL had had a

general manager.

Reoch's appointment came as a great surprise to the staid directors and it met opposition. But besides Coverdale (who died this summer), Reoch was vigorously supported by hawknosed lawyer J. A. Mathewson, a K.C., nosed lawyer J. A. Mathewson, a K.C., and former provincial treasurer of Quebec province. The company needed a strong hand on the helm, he argued. Reoch had strength, youth, vigor and integrity. The directors agreed.

Reoch took over with a bang and lost no time swabbing down the decks.

His first orders were to cut drastically long-distance telephone calls ("Everyone is talking too unprintably much and not doing enough. What's all this gabbing about anyway?"), insist that everyone be in at 9 a.m. sharp ("Or I'll soon know the reason why!"), and instruct his secretary to leave his door over ("Anyone who's got a heef or instruct his secretary to leave his door open ("Anyone who's got a beef or an idea can walk right in and tell it to me personally."). Today, the phone bill is lower, everyone is at work on time (though Reoch introduced a half-hour cut in summer office hours), but few, if any, have taken advantage of his open door region. of his open-door policy.
Since he first became a desk-lashed

sailor in 1942 Reoch has been bullying the company's board of directors and, making them like it. He started by journeying from Toronto to a Montreal board meeting to which he had not been invited. He wanted CSL to install gyro compasses on all its ships. The directors suggested that magnetic compasses were sufficient and hinted that Reoch should return to Toronto. Reoch proceeded to explain ships and the value of navigational aids, banging the table with a hamlike fist for emphasis.

He got his gyro compasses

If the directors thought that they'd

seen the last of him they were mistaken. Before long he was back insisting that powerful sirens be installed on CSL boats. He got them. Four years ago he wanted echo sounders (which reveal the depth of the water and the contours of the river bottom). Three years ago he plugged for typhoon whistles. Two years ago he demanded radar. He got them all.

Last year he installed ship-to-shore telephones on all CSL ships and he frequently phones captains of ships on

the lakes from his home at night.

All this adds up to greater efficiency and safety—today CSL boats have every safety and navigational aid boasted by the Queen Elizabeth. Reoch claims these expenditures have paid off by increasing the value of the ships and reducing insurance pre-

miums.

The CSL fleet itself has increased too. This season two new superfreighters, the Hochelaga and the Coverdale (built in CSL yards at Collingwood and Midland, Ont.), were launched. The largest vessels ever to be built in Canada, each is 640 feet long, can carry more than 18,000 tons of coal and more than 575,000 bushels of wheat. All crews' quarters are airconditioned and recreation rooms are provided. A new passenger boat is presently being built.

"Ave Maria" in Ship Jazz

Despite the fact it now costs \$4,000 a day to run a CSL boat (in 1939 it cost \$2,000) CSL profits have steadily increased. In 1947 it grossed \$19-244,582, an increased of \$3,547,679 over 1946. Last year the gross take increased another \$3,559,737 (1948 net carnings: \$2,088,105,11)

earnings: \$2,088,105.11).

In his office on Montreal's Victoria Square Reoch knows exactly where each CSL ship is at all times. Most of his time is spent juggling his 51 freighters around (their territory is 2,000-odd miles of Great Lakes, St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers). CSL also operates nine 550 - passenger

cruisers.

Although the company runs sevenday luxury liner cruises on the Great Lakes its most famous, and busiest, passenger trips are down the St. Lawrence and up the Saguenay—the River of the Deep Waters. More than 60,000 people a year (mostly American tourists) take the Saguenay cruise, weep at the sight of the searchlighted statue of the Virgin atop 2,000-foot Cape Eternity while the ships' jazz orchestras grind out "Ave Maria," and happily plunk \$85 or more apiece into the company's coffers.

into the company's coffers.

Those who sail in the Quebec get an added attraction in the person of Captain C. H. Burch who bears a striking resemblance to Winston Chur-chill and who has been decked out in a uniform similar to Churchill's wartime

with employees Reoch is usually blunt, direct, brutally frank. He seldom wastes a word. For example, although he has been known to drink many of his captains well under the table, he insists that his men totally

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The incredible story of how a simple Ontario girl hoaxed the city of Cleveland, Ohio, and lived like a princess in a house where even the clocks were made of solid gold.

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Continued from page 40 weapons on hand at his 11-room stone house in Montreal.

"One day," Reoch says, "a CSU man came into my office to threaten me. My door is always open—anyone can come in. Before this unprintable had finished talking, I brought one up from the deck and laid him out cold. Then I picked him up by the seat of the pants and bodily heaved him out the office

Another time at a railway crossing Reoch and CSU president Harry Davis

(Sullivan's successor) found themselves in opposite cars waiting for the trains to pass. Davis thumbed his nose at the purpling captain who roared his rage and pawed for the door handle just as the

Davis car pulled away.
When the CSU strike this year spread to ocean ports, sparking un-authorized strikes by dockworkers in Britain, Reoch sat in to advise the deep-sea operators, and CSL's legal brain, J. A. Mathewson, became their official representative in labor negotia-

Meanwhile, Reoch can claim victory on the lakes in that he has kept his ships operating despite the CSU's best efforts. Moreover, the issue of the CSU's Communist control resulted in its withdrawal from its parent body, the Trades and Labor Congress, early this fall and there seemed little doubt it was steadily losing support in union circles. Yet as the 1949 season drew to a close the much-beset CSU still had contracts covering seamen on probably half the ships sailing the Great Lakes.

While by now the CSU is almost

everywhere concoded to be led and dominated by Communists, non-Communist trade union leaders find it difficult to swallow Reoch's sweeping contention that its 12,000 members are all Reds. Says TLC president Percy Bengough: "Absolutely wrong... Bengough: "Absolutely wrong... the rank and file are merely sailors." Says A. R. Mosher, president of the Canadian Congress of Labor: "Anyone who claims that all or even most of the thousands of sailors who are members of the CSU are Communists is crazy." Says Reoch: "The CSU is nothing

but a gang of Red rats."

There are undoubtedly many in the pro-labor camp who believe that CSL's bull-voiced, nail-chewing Reoch is a natural born union hater to whom the alleged Communist control of the CSU was a Moscow-sent weapon with which to beat down the demands of his lakeship crews. Countering such charges, Reoch can point to the fact that CSL has been doing business with other unions for 10 years without benefit of skull cracking. Biggest of these is the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, Freight Handlers, Express and Station Employees, which represents some 2,500 of CSL's employees ashore through a complex system of contracts covering various classifications of work in various ports from Quebec to the Lakehead.

First Words, "Ship Ahoy!"

"We've had to resort to conciliation boards two or three times and have held strike votes more than once," recalls Frank Hall, Canadian vice-president of the brotherhood. "CSL is out for CSL and we're out for the men, so our dealings haven't been all sweetness and light. But generally speaking our relations have been good and our freight handlers' wage rate is higher than comparable rates paid our members who work for the railroads.

"Since 1945 we've dealt directly with Reoch himself. We've found him a hard fighter for CSL but a square

Hall is as strong a Red fighter within the labor movement as Reoch is on the bosses' side. He is generally credited with arranging the introduction of the Seafarers' International Union as a rival of the CSU just as Reoch decided he'd had enough of Pat Sullivan's hastily organized group.

It was natural that Norman James Reoch should grow up to love the sea.

Born on a stormy October night in 1906 in the little northern Ontario town of Nottawa he is a third-generation sailor. His Scottish-born grandfather sailed the Great Lakes before him. So did his father, Captain James Reoch, who retired from CSL last year after

Norman Reoch's earliest recollec-tions are of sailing homemade wooden boats in a tub of water, and going for rides on his father's big freighter. he could steer the big ship unaided. As a youngster he imitated his father's rolling gait, and he still walks with a list today. He learned to say "Ship Ahoy!" almost before he said "Daddy."
The second of five children, Norman

Reoch turned out different from the rest. His brothers and sisters all went through university and got their B.A.'s. His two sisters became high-school teachers. His older brother is a Presbyterian missionary in Peking, China, and his younger brother an executive in an American insurance company.

"I was a good student and I liked school," Reoch modestly says today. "I matriculated from Collingwood Collegiate when I was 15 and that summer I signed on as a deckhand on a ake boat. I was supposed to go back



Beauty Contests Are The Bunk

Continued from page 17

well-dressed luncheon tables, carrot labels, lace panties for lamb chops and gym costumes for tired nurses.
I've seen beauty contestants parade

in tobacco leaves, fish nets, furs, dresses, sweaters, uniforms, tights and 10-gallon hats, but 90% of them strut their stuff in bathing suits.

Aside from growing tired of the same pairs (or is it sets?) of buttocks wavering past my unpainted kitchen chair I've seen a triple-chinned pachyderm of 302 pounds win a home-town beauty contest and I've seen a blotchy victim of a depressive psychosis run second. These two apparitions admitted to being in their 30's, an age at which most paragons of pulchritude have either gained brains or been sent to the

After the first few times beauty judging is easy because, like the neighboring fire chiefs and county wardens, you examine the same standard torsos from town to town. If Shirley doesn't win at Wainwright this week she'll have a better chance in High River next week. It might be better for

Shirley to change her name and home town during the lay-off but, if she doesn't bother, she still has a chance. For a few hundred Canadian girls beauty parades are career jobs like frying hamburgers, filling sausage skins or serving blue-plate specials. These heavy-duty beauties are sometimes married to the strong boy or they're hep to the inner dreams of the visiting mind reader. One to my personal knowledge is sister to Jo Jo the dogfaced boy. She doubles as snake charmer when she has snakes.

Each member of this exalted group known as flop insurance, gets about \$8 a day plus food, usually appears at two contests a week. Then there's the "favors"—prizes of bathing suits, nylons, and so on.

When up against the s'y home-town girls with whom they sometimes com-pete these semiprofessionals have no chance and know it without bitterness or regret. They not only accept defeat in advance but do what they can to diminish the jitters of local girls.

A few beauty shows are well-staged and well-rehearsed. The Miss Canada Pageant, improving year by year, has never produced an international winner but neither has it staged a hey rube or

Culturally on the level but finan-

Are you in the know?



If he spilled a soda on your best dress, would you -

Grieve and leave

Grin and forget

Call the manager

You know the fizzician didn't drench you on purpose. Why brow-beat the poor guy? Or make like a banshee all evening? Grin...say the dress can be easily cleaned, then forget it. That's good sportsmanship. And it jet-propels your rating. Your confidence, too, hits the stratosphere—when you hurdle "certain" handicaps with Kotex. Because those special, flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines, you can forget you were ever self-conscious. And for extra protection, there's an exclusive safety centre. exclusive safety centre.



Which suit should the lofty lassie

- ☐ The one on the right
- ☐ The one on the left
- The one in the centre

Feel as though you're built on stilts? Be wiser than the tall teen here. Avoid vertical stripes. The suit on the right with contrasting jacket, brings you down a peg! There's a difference in different girls' needs; on problem days, as well. For which Kotex gives you a choice of 3 absorbencies. Try Regular, Junior, Super. Likewise, try the new Kotex Wonderform Belt that won't twist, won't cut! It's adjustable; fits smoothly; light weight!



- A blasé attitude
- ☐ That "casual" slump
- Sitting pretty

You may be a walking posture lesson, but how do you fare with a chair? Plop down? Recline on the tip of your spine? Lady, be seated gracefully, with your weight on the foot nearest the chair. weight on the foot nearest the char. "Sit tall"; keeping soles of feet on floor. Correct posture's a poise-magnet. Also helps avoid "that day" discomfort—and you'll feel so at ease when you've chosen Kotex. For this new softness holds its shape. After all, isn't Kotex made to stay soft while you wear it?



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

"Very Personally Yours", new Free booklet for teenagers. Gives do's and don'ts for difficult days. Send your name and address to Canadian Cellucotton Products Co. Ltd., Dept. 1509, 431 Victoria Avenue, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

WHAT'S YOUR VERDICT?



A SHOT IN THE ARM

By C. WALTER HODGSON

DEATH was administered to Da coal miner at Sydney Mines, N.S., as a shot in the arm from an innocent-seeming hypodermic needle in the hands of a competent doctor, assisted by a competent nurse in a recognized hospital.

It was the spring of 1946. The doctor was about to set the miner's fractured thumb but when the first needle used failed to anesthetize the thumb within a few minutes the doctor asked the nurse to refill the needle. Thirty minutes after the second the miner was dead.

Why? The needle contained not novocaine, the anesthetic the doctor had asked for, but the heart stimulant adrenalin.

Where did the fatal dose come from? A bottle which had been handed the nurse by another nurse in the dispensary when she asked for novocaine.

How was the offending bottle

labeled? Adrenalin.

There was no doubt the tragic would have been avoided had the dispensary nurse, the operating nurse and the doctor (or any one of them) looked at

So the miner's widow took action for damages against all three—plus the hospital, which had been under contract to the miner, who was a member of a prepaid medical scheme, to pro-

vide him with necessary services. If the judgment had been yours to make would you have found all four parties responsible?

Answer on Page 47

KOTEX IN 3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



beautiful to their fingertips



EVERYTHING THAT'S GOOD IN A GLOVE



The stopwatch proves that within two seconds after you drop an Aspirin tablet in a glass of water, it starts to disintegrate. And when you take Aspirin, it does the same in your stomach... actually is ready to go to work almost instantly. That's why for really fast relief from headache, the thing to do is take genuine Aspirin.

Remember that. And also remember that Aspirin is a single active ingredient that is so wonderfully gentle to the system it has been used, year in and year out, by millions of normal people—without ill effect. So when you buy, ask for Aspirin.

Lowest Prices Ever!
Pocket box of 12 . . . 18c
Economy bottle of 24 . . 29c
Family size of 109 . . 79c

ASPIRIN.

WHEN YOU HAVE A HEADACHE, TAKE GENUINE ASPIRIN

abstain while aboard ship by periodically issuing the curt admonition that "whisky and water don't mix." Recently when an old captain whom Reoch had warned about deep-sea tippling fell off the wagon and simultaneously attempted to knock down the Lachine Canal lock gate with his ship, Reoch hurried to the scene and personally took the undamaged boat on through the canal. Then he brought the old skipper ashore, sobered him up, and took him home.

The next day he told him in an unexpectedly mild tone, "Well, skipper, I'm sorry to see you go. The cashier has your cheque. Good-by and good luck."

Some Wrestling and Some Poetry

Reoch can take it as well as dish it out. He proved this in 1937 when he was still skippering a lake freighter. On his 109th and last voyage of the sevenmenth season, doctors in the next-to-last port of call ordered him hospitalized for an immediate operation. His legs were badly swollen with varicose veins.

"To hell with the doctors!" he trumpeted wrathfully when a CSL official told him. "All they know about is too unprintably many pills!" And he promptly weighed anchor.

He beyers his ship through the last

He brought his ship through the last canal on his feet, his teeth stubbornly clamped on a steel boiler punching, sweat pouring down his massive red face, his bloodshot eyes blazing with fierce determination. Afterward he grudgingly submitted to the operation. While today the captain's health is

While today the captain's health is good, desk work and the complications of his sprawling business occasionally depress him. When this happens he grabs his hat and goes for a long ride on the highway in his new Buick which friends say he drives as though the devil were after him.

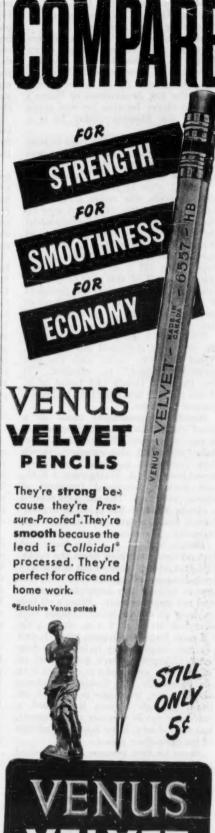
He always drives his car to and from work, sometimes lends it to his wife for an afternoon's outing. He married Winnipeger Mary Martin in Toronto in 1928. They have three children: Mary Lou, 18; James, 16; and Norman Jr., 12.

Jr., 12.
Nights when he doesn't bring work home from the office he goes to wrestling matches (his favorite sport). Other pastimes are hockey, baseball, football, hunting and fishing. He also reads

Reoch gets up at 7 a.m. each morning, eats a giant-sized breakfast (he tells everyone he is never hungry and is a light eater, but he has been known to eat three steaks), and arrives at his office promptly at 8.45. There are usually between 200 and 300 business letters waiting for him. He disposes of these by emitting a series of grunts, snorts and derisive puffs, all interpreted by his secretary as meaning "no" or "file—no comment" as the case may warrant. Some he hurls back for reply with a curt "yes," "why" or "when" and on a few he scribbles a short sentence for his secretary to incorporate into the answer. He seems to get more done in an hour than most businessmen do in a day.

Yet it is plain that Captain Reoch, fearless though he is, feels extremely self-conscious out of uniform. He has his suits made in Toronto but they fit him so tightly he usually seems to be bulging out at the seams. Although he is dressed like a fashionable businessman he cannot help looking like a farmer in his Sunday best.

There is one compensation. He has a weakness, almost amounting to an obsession, for garish, multihued ties which he could not wear when in uniform. He has 400 of them, flashier than Bing Crosby's shirts.





PENCILS

Laugh 'Em and Leave 'Em

Continued from page 11

"Castro, old tamale, his upper lip. things go pretty slow around here, don't they?"

"Not for you," Castro observed. "A

raise, already, in three weeks."
Harry considered. "And all I had to do," he said, working his eyebrow, "was beat Peterson over the head with the Seabreeze Ballroom."

Castro's chunky shoulders shook. Laughter was inside him. "Harry, you make everybody laugh. Now, if only you were as funny as Flip Nash maybe you'd be doing that radio show from the ballroom tomorrow night."

"Nash has a good style," said Harry.
"And good writers. Good writers, old tamale." In the heat his uniform clung moistly to him. He flipped his cigarette into the dust. "One big break, that's all you need. What's Nash got that I haven't got—besides talent?" he added sardonically. sardonically.

Castro shrugged. "Like you say, maybe the writers." He gave Harry a sly, quick glance. "But things go good for you here. Peterson likes your ideas. Two changes he made in the bus route—the raise." He paused "And I "And I

see you eat all the time in Randall's . . ."

Harry turned slowly. "Why, it's terrific." His tone belittled himself. "It takes me three weeks so she'll say something besides, 'Soup or salad?' Three weeks, and now tonight I get to walk home with her. Terrific!"

Castro glanced away. "Amigo, I have live here forty-two years. A long time I worked in Randall's. She is a fine girl, I tell you.

Harry squinted into the haze that merged sky and ocean, as though trying to see what he had heard. Castro said softly, "One fine girl. She's maybe a little bit scared."

A trim red monoplane racketed across the end of the narrow asphalt runway which striped through the brown flatness of the hilltop. It banked sharply into the sur, and Castro said respectfully, "Fellow has his own plane—He makes money, that Flip Nash."
"Money," said Harry. "What's

"Money," said Harry. "What's money—except everything."

There were eight compartments, each stretching the width of Harry's bus. As the passengers climbed in, Nash and the girl in one, the two men behind them, Harry said professionally, "Welcome to Santa Lucia."

Nash twisted his round fees to the

Nash twisted his round face to the two men. "You know what I think, all right. So far the stuff stinks."

The bald bespectacled one spoke soothingly. "It'll develop. Humbert's got more for that tourist sketch."

WHAT'S YOUR VERDICT? (Page 45)

THE COURT found both nurses liable, and also found the hospital responsible for the actions of its employees. These three were held responsible for damages totaling \$10,000. Puzzling over the question of the doctor's responsibility, the court finally decided that he was not liable, because "a look at the label would have been sufficient to avoid the accident, but in a good many cases of operations it would be difficult (for the doctor) to make a personal check . . . he was justified in following what was no doubt routine.'

"Like poison ivy it'll develop," groused Nash, turning his busy eyes on Humbert, who was thin, mustached and nervous. "It sounds like the stuff I was doing ten years ago. You guys get good dough. Don't you like your work? Let's produce, produce!"

HARRY adjusted his sunglasses, and plugged in the small microphone which sprouted from his chest harness Peterson had thought the microphone was a good idea, too.. "If you'll give me your attentior," Harry suggested, 'I'll be glad to point out some of

the . . ."
"Tell him to turn it off," ordered

"Driver," called the bald one. "Never Harry pulled out the plug. Town

was nine miles away

"Look," he heard Humbert's nervous oice. "After you say, 'Santa Lucia -that's a third-degree sunburn overlooking a hangover,' give 'em this:
'And, you know, this place is famous,
too, for its hunting. Back home, when a wolf is trapped, you get paid a bounty. Over here, you just put up

'Work on it," said Nash fretfully. "We should have a wolf gag. This place is full of flesh.'

"Too bad we flew over," reflected the bald one. "Might have been something come out of a boat trip." "Boats make me sick," said the girl. "Make me heave."

"Make me heave."
Nash said, "Don't be plebeian,

"The boat got a little rough," the bald one mused. "But nothing like a rough boat trip to bring out the best in a man.

Nash groaned, and held his head. "Vintage 1910. Great Scott, Feldman! older than my ulcer. produce!

It went like that for the nine miles Now and then Harry's eyes brightened with appreciation. To his practiced with appreciation. To his practiced ear, even much of the material they discarded held promise of laughter. But Nash was hard to please, and was arguing with the two writers as the group entered the hotel. Harry watched them go, and thought of Vic Matti and the old bitterness was sharply rayived sharply revived.

He had little appetite for his lunch at the airport. He pulled two more trips, and was back in town for dinner.

OIS was doing something to the big coffee urn. Over her shoulder she

aid, "You had Hendricks in the bus this afternoon, didn't you?" Harry nodded. "The country cop." "Country cop or not, he's sold on you. He said you had the passengers loughing all the way into town."

laughing all the way into town."
"That was the matinee. He ought to try the Starlight Drive the nights I work it. Or he should have been along on the first trip this morning. Flip Nash. Bigger and better laughs." She turned slowly. "What's the matter?"

Harry sighed. "Nothing."

"It's too bad, really, that you're a drifter." She glanced away. "We all like to laugh.'

He shrugged. "I'd never make the big time polishing my pants on that bus seat. But just wait till I finish the new routine.

She was refilling his cup. "And then, off to Hollywood again with your little bag of gags." Her hand wavered, and

coffee spilled in the saucer.
"Where is the lettuce any greener?" he asked lightly, wondering at the edge in her voice. "Or with such big dollar in her voice. signs on it?"

She wrote out his check in silence. He said, "How soon are you off? Which is really Irene Dunne?



Sta-ful needs water only 3 times a year*

YES, batteries look alike, but you can score yourself 100% by picking the Auto-Lite "Sta-ful" Battery that needs water only 3 times a year . . . gives

you longer life than batteries without the "Sta-ful" features.

Score yourself 100%, too, if you picked the girl at the top as the beautiful Irene Dunne, star of RKO's "I Remember Mama." The girl below is Kay Smith of Port Chester, New York, who, on trips to neighboring cities, is often mistaken for Miss

alike, but be wise-buy an Auto-Lite "Staful." Money cannot buy a better battery.



Liquid level shown in both batteries after equal evaporation

AUTO-LITE BATTERIES OF CANADA LIMITED

LI

TUNE IN "SUSPENSEI" . . . CBS RADIO NETWORK THURSDAYS . . . CBS TELEVISION TUESDAYS

To Make a Man Beam...



this mocha masterpiece by MAGIC!



What man could resist this exotic dream of a cake . . . coffee-flavored . . . speckled all through with shaved chocolate . . . spread over with billowy-deep coffee frosting! Delicate to the last wispy crumb - made light as chiffon with Magic!

Yes, for tender, moist, fine-textured cakes every time you can count on pure Magic Baking Powder. Safeguards your precious ingredients-yet Magic costs less than 1¢ per average baking. No wonder 3 out of 4 Canadian housewives insist on Magic. Put Magic on your grocery list to-day.

MAGIC MOCHA CHIFFON CAKE

- 21/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 3 tsps. Magic Baking Powder 1 tsp. salt
- 11/2 cups fine granulated sugar cup salad oil
- 5 unbeaten egg yolks

Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, salt and sugar into mixing bowl. Make a well in the centre of flour mixture and add salad oil, egg yolks, coffee and vanilla; mix these liquids a little with mixing spoon, then combine with flour mixture and beat until smooth. Add chocolate and beat to combine (a potato peeler shaves chocolate thinly). Sprinkle cream of tartar over the egg whites and beat until very, very stiff (much stiffer than for a meringue). Gradually fold

- 34 cup cold strong coffee
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 3 ounces chilled semi-sweet
- chocolate, thinly shaved
- tsp. cream of tartar 1 cup egg whites

egg - yolk mixture into the egg - white mixture. Turn into ungreased 10" deep tube pan (top inside measure). Bake in rather slow oven, 325°, 1 1/2 to 11/2 hours. Immediately cake is baked, invert pan and allow cake to hang, suspended, until cold. (To "hang" cake, rest tube of inverted pan on a funnel or rest rim of pan on 3 inverted small cups.) Remove cake carefully from pan and cover with a brown-sugar 7-minute frosting in which strong coffee is used in place of the usual water. cially on the rocks it switched from Hamilton to Toronto on this, its fourth year, and died on the vine.

In Maple Leaf Gardens, which can seat 12,500, the show drew 488 cash customers plus about 500 Annie Oak-leys to see a beautiful Vancouver lass acclaimed Miss Canada.

The red ink ran into high figures, but S. Radclyffe Weaver, the impre-sario, did a grin and bear it. He said he'd be back for more, "because he'd be back for more, "because Canada's beautiful girls deserve a

This chance includes a crack at the Miss America title staged in Atlantic City where, among worldly things, a girl might win a college education. Of the 18 Miss Americas up to now only three have bothered to start on this career toward learning and only one has finished.

Maybe it doesn't prove a thing but on the steamy night that Miss Canada drew fewer than 500 free and paying customers the Toronto Maple Leafs, baseball variety, drew 17,791 paid to their ball park just a mile away of the ball tossers were beautiful and one or two could guarantee to stop a

clock just by looking at it.

Yet despite the Miss Canada flopperoo, most beauty shows do draw cash customers. Examine the lists of organizations who, year after year, stage a beauty show as part of their shenani-gans. Good outfits. Service clubs of selfless reputation; home visitors, pro-fessional do-gooders and that sort of pious and useful citizen.

Flesh Pulls the Crowds

The Toronto police are a good example. Each year since 1882 they have staged a field day of sports and games. In most of those years ticket sales were jim dandy but attendance was meagre. Asked nicely by a cop to take a few tickets, citizens eagerly complied, but seldom dreamed of going to see human meat balls from Montreal outpull Goliaths from Toronto in the tug of war. Who's interested in an Edmonton cop playing trick golf or running 100 yards in 11 seconds while wearing handcuffs and pistol?

So in 1935 the gendarmes tossed in the bathing beauties. They labeled their anointed queen Miss Toronto and made sure she had a revealing costume. If she was shy on what Hollywood calls bust cleavage a remedy was close at hand in the shape of falsies. The result

Each year from then until now more than 20,000 eager patrons have turned up for the Toronto Police Association's field day and this year's printed program of 344 pages contained 311 pages

of paid advertising.

Did the cash customers buy their pews to see cops throw cannon balls or to witness the breath-taking and -filling parade of f minine pulchri-In case you have doubts I'll mention that after a dusky Irish belle had been crowned Miss Toronto of 1949, 600 citizens remained in their seats—600 out of 20,000.

It's a similar story with the traveling side shows and carnivals. Thirty years ago the local strong boy was a town hero if he stayed three rounds with the traveling champ or rang the bell 10 times on the slugging machine. But The current this is a feminine age. drawing card is the home-town gal who can outstrut the tinseled carnival cutie and win the title of Miss Four Corners

against imported competition.

No girl has ever been rejected as too homely for a beauty contest and it's a fact that young men have sometimes rigged themselves up with falsies and leg lotions to win at least a consolation prize. One such character placed third in the main event only to be later arrested in the dressing tent. He told the magistrate he was gathering material for a novel.

In preparation for this piece of priceless prose I watched seven beauty contests in 15 nights. The average number of strutters was 19 and that figure also happened to be the average age. Six girls took part in every show I saw, four tried five times and three tried three times. None won a first. Of the six who entered every contest two were eliminated on the first ballot. Both were amateurs and they gamely went back for more.

Sometimes They Send a Car

When I asked why, one said, "Gosh, mister, they always give you SOME-

'Such as what?"

"Bathing suits, compacts, stuff like that. Right tonight this guy gives me a nice pair hair brushes and tickets for free meals at some restront I dont know where."

"Did you ever win?"
"Well, not yet, but this is only my econd year and I got a whole trunk full of favors.'

"Favors?"

"Gifts and things like I said. Sometimes they even give money and when it looks like the turn-out might be a flop they send a car and everything. Some of the girls even get free passes to go to collitch.

"How do you know where all these

shows are being staged?"
"Why they come and tell you. Every time there's a beauty show the people who are running other beauty shows send scouts to sort of look you over like hockey players and all like that. Then they ask you to come to their beauty show and they tell you what the prize is and where you go and all like

Statistically, the judging of a beefy steer, a bacon hog or a race horse finds an accepted standard that seldom varies pound for pound or inch for inch but in judging feminine beauty on the hoof anything goes.

Canada has seen a triple champion who stood four foot ten and another of six foot three. There have been redheads and brunettes, blondes by the dozen and scores whose hair has been mouselike and spiky.

Display? Yes. Contest? No

Judges have seen frequent competitors and occasional winners who were knock-kneed, blue-veined and prairiechested. I've personally seen bargain-basement beauties who were musbasement tached, triple-chinned and flat-footed. Many, observed, from the rear, have had a waddle that no girdle could control.

While skilled experts judge hens, sheep or even white mice, camera-conscious politicians and cynical reporters sit in judgment on the girls. In an atmosphere of confused expectation and selfish vanity the judges know, as you know, that better-looking girls can be found in any factory office or packing plant.

The steady and intelligent pressure of the Roman Catholic Church, which has opposed skin games from the beginning, plus increasingly ribald comments in the daily Press, plus the bank-book Waterloo in Toronto, may mean that, like wrestling, beauty contests will fall into the field of exhibitionism. Display yes, provocation yes, but contest-no

dice.

Next time you're told that Miss Alma Applejuice is the best-looking doll

remember the song, "It in the county remember the song, Ain't Necessarily So." ★

fury in her voice. "Lois, wait a

He heard her sob, and a hand stung his face. "No!" she cried. "Leave me

He stood there, hearing her footsteps go swiftly, brokenly, through the darkness, and his hand was slow as it rubbed across his face.

THE NEXT DAY'S sun glinted on the airliner as it sank reluctantly to earth. Watching the ragged knot passengers move toward his bus, Harry suddenly stiffened. For a mo-ment he forgot the impending radio show which gave the man good reason to be here. He pushed his sunglasses tightly against his face, and pulled his hat down a trifle, wondering if Vic Matti would recognize him.

The agent, talking energetically to slender, tight-lipped man, climbed to the fourth country of the fourth cou into the fourth compartment. In the rear-view mirror Harry noted that Matti had grown no taller, had lost none of the fleshiness around his bullfrog jowls.

He plugged in the mike and headed the bus toward town. "Welcome to Santa Lucia," he said amiably. Then

the thought struck him.

Harry hesitates, his mind racing and a strange tautness suddenly gripping his stomach. "Yes, folks, Santa his stomach. "Yes, folks, Santa Lucia . ." His fingers tightened on the wheel. He could try it, just once. "That's a third-degree sunburn, over-

looking a hang-over."

The mirror reflected some expectant smiles, and he heard a ripple of laughter. Matti, frowning, stopped talking. If they'll laugh, thought Harry, you'll listen, Vic. Laughter is a fat dollar sign,

Nine miles, he told himself tightly,

in which to gamble. He had gags, lots of them, in a new routine. And he had several others—that belonged to Flip Nash.

Matti would hear some of them later, from Nash. But, perhaps, too much later. With a contract between them, Vic Matti managing Harry Spencer, the agent might work hard for him. For both of them. If he could hold Matti's interest, thought Harry; if he

could put it over now, in the bus, that contract might come. It could be the beginning, the one big break.

"I think you'll like Santa Lucia," said Harry. It was a small house, but the laughs would never count more. His palms were wet inside the driving gloves. "People sleep lete over here gloves. "People sleep late over here. In fact, in the mornings the place looks uninhabited." He timed it smoothly, "And, at night it looks uninhibited." The laughter was quick, and appreciative. He had them now. They had come for a good time and he was giving it to them right from the start. He

it to them right from the start. He rode the crest. He made cracks about the scenery. He pointed out historic landmarks, and had humorous footnotes for each observation. He set himself a fast pace, and desperately

made it look easy.
"You'll like the Seabreeze Ballroom," he promised. "" many interesting elbows. "You meet so

The mirror showed Vic Matti's hard, speculative eyes trained on him. The bus ground around a bluff, and the town spread below them. Harry said casually, "And we even have a bowling alley. You know, my uncle was quite a bowler. In fact, he once bowled twelve strikes in a row—before he could get his thumb out of the ball."

They were laughing when he let them out at the hotel. He rested his arms on the wheel, infinitely tired. A voice said, "Say, driver . . ."

He looked out the window, to his ft. Vic Matti and the slender man stood below, regarding him with open interest. A puzzled expression flickered across Matti's face. "Say, you look—" Harry tried to sound calm. "Maybe

you liked it."

"Why—yeah. Some of it."
"Possibilities," approved the slender
man briskly, "possibilities. My name
is Belder. Of Hart, Ryan and Belder."

"Advertising," said Harry. He peeled off his sunglasses. Matti nodded slowly. "Sure—Spencer, isn't it? Larry Spencer."

'Harry."

"Yeah. You've improved, Spencer. ot terrific v'understand. But the Not terrific, y'understand. But the delivery is sharp. Very sharp. And the

terial—
'Vic, they're screaming," said the
nder man impatiently. "We have slender man impatiently. "We have to show them something by Tuesday, or risk losing the account. Material we can get. Comedians, that's some-thing else." He turned to Harry. "Suppose you meet us later, in the hotel. About five?"

Harry grinned, and relaxed. He had it made. "Sure," he said. "Why not?"

HE SHOWERED and changed, and started back to the hotel. The bitterness was gone; the world was right, again; he had a new confidence.

he turned a corner briskly he collided with Hendricks, the cop, a heavy-shouldered man with a trace of sad wisdom in his face. Hendricks grinned. "I'll run you in. A traffic grinned. hazard."

"Don't slow Harry grinned back. me, Sherlock. I'm headed for the long

"Helf the time it's riddles to me," chuckled Hendricks, "but you say it funny, anyway. I owe you a lot of laughs, Harry. We all do."
"Could be," said Harry lightly,

4 SIMPLE STEPS TO A LOVELIER COMPLEXION



Try this sensible, new beauty treatment

 Do you want a more alluring complexion—one that's lovelier to look at, smoother to touch? Then take a beauty hint from thousands of attractive Canadian women who have stopped fussing with elaborate treatments, countless jars and bottles. Turn to one simple skin cream-Noxzema. It's the beauty aid used by scores of actresses, models and professional women. This simple, sensible Noxzema beauty routine easy to follow and it gets results-often surprisingly fast.

Developed by Skin Specialist — Noxzema's new 4-Step Treatment was developed by a skin specialist. Recently, scores of women took part in a test, under clinical supervision. Each of them had some little thing wrong with her skin. At the end of the first week, most of these women were thrilled at the way their skin improved. At the end of the test, 4 out of 5 women definitely showed

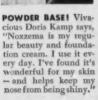
softer, smoother, lovelier skin-in just two weeks' time! It can happen to you!

NIGHT CREAM! "I put a wonderful-feeling 'mask' of Noxzema on face every night says glamorous Ja Barker, "And it's don so much for my skir





BLEMISHES! "Insurance against unattractive blemishes and other annoying skin troubles," is what gorgeous Shirley O'Hara calls Noxzema. "I use it every morning before





New Beauty Treatment-Here are the 4 simple steps the women followed:

- 1. Morning-bathe face with warm water, cream-wash your face with Nóxzema on n wet cloth.
- 2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.
- 3. Evening-before retiring, repeat morning cream-wash cleansing.
- 4. Massage face lightly with Noxzema, pat on extra cream over any blemishes.

New "Flaking Action"-Follow this routine faithfully for only two weeks. See if you aren't delighted with results! After you use it a few days, note how the dry, dead cells flake off. Don't be alarmed! Don't think Noxzema is drying out your skin. Keep using it until all the dry, dead skin is gone-then see how your complexion glows with a new radiance...looks softer, smoother, lovelier. Why not start today? Get Noxzema at any drug or cosmetic counter. 21¢, 49¢, 69¢, \$1.39.



Blue-Jay relieves corns 3 ways. Soft, Dura-felt pad eases shoe-pressure pain. Pain-relieving Nupercaine* deadens surface soreness. Gentle medication loosens hard core—in a few days you lift it out. Get corn relief now with Blue-Jay Corn Plasters.

*Reg. in Canada. Ciba's brand of Dibucaine

(BAUER & BLACK)





THOS RATCLIFFE & CO. LTD., MYTHOLMROYD, YORKSHIRE ENGLAND

And what's this dialogue about going straight home?'

"Half an hour." She sounded almost llen. "You'll never understand it, sullen. but homes aren't so bad, really. Some people like homes."

"Home," he said. "That's the last resort.

She walked away, slim and graceful, and there was something strong and determined in the set of her shoulders. He felt again the attraction for her, and a vague doubt crawled into him and would not be shrugged away.

HE WENT outside. The evening freshness of the sea air had a full-bodiedness in his lungs. Lights were coming on, but there was little garishness. There was a restful, small-town leisureliness to this place. For once, strolling along a now familiar street. leisureliness to this place. For once, strolling along a now familiar street, he didn't feel as though he were pushing hard to get somewhere.

And that, he thought suddenly, was the trouble. He'd have to start pushing, and soon. He knew himself to be an extrovert. A successful comedian had to be. And when appreciation was not forthcoming, he withered, and all tastes were bitter.

The casual appreciation of those now around him was not enough. He needed it, instead, from those who mattered; those who would come to see him, pay to hear him. It went a long time

He had been one of seven children and too near the top. He hadn't been a baby long enough before others were usurping his place. The only way he had been able to get more than a minimum of attention was to do better tricks, or be louder.

It had become a pattern, then a livelihood. But dimly aware of all this, he only knew that something was lacking; an appreciation from someone who mattered. And since there was no one like that, here on this island, his frustration was a nebulous nagging that galled him.

He was waiting beside the door of the restaurant when Lois came out. She stopped short, and gave him a look he couldn't fathom. "I've changed my mind," she said. "I did you a favor once. Now do one for me. Go away."

"Hey," he said in surprise.

Her eyes wouldn't meet his, and he had the impression she was fighting something. He fell into step beside something. He fell into step beside her. He felt his face growing red, and he not only didn't like the feeling, he didn't understand it. He would have recognized plain embarrassment. This had a pain in it, too. His voice was low. "I'm not going to get fresh. Get that. At first, three weeks ago—maybe. But—well, I like you, that's all. It's that simple. I—I don't know how else to say it."

They were going up the street, away from the sea. He felt the wall between them give a little, and he kept walking, mostly because he didn't quite know how to stop. Presently, quizzically, how to stop. Presently, quizzically he said, "Well, there's always Peterson You know Peterson. The big, good-looking boy with the black-snake whip."

"You know darned well he's nice." She had an air of detachment. "Pete's lived on the island all his life, just as I have. He'll always live here, I think."
"The permanent type." He could

piece some of it together, now. He should have seen it sooner. Nobody wants to be a waitress forever. But she can't make up her mind about Peterson. He felt a passing satisfaction that she couldn't, and then quickly lost the thought in his fretting. He didn't want any part of this. He liked her, that was all. He had just wanted a date, and some laughs.

THEY were beyond the edge of town, and the sidewalks had ended. They walked slowly in the tree-fringed mall homes with neat THEY were beyond the edge of street, past small homes with neat yards. As they passed through the amber veil of a street lamp she turned her face toward him. "Harry, why did you come here?

He waved a hand. "No matter how thin you slice it, it's still an island. I felt like an island, after Hollywood.' He paused, and was absorbed in thoughts which left her. "I saw a guy today who has what I want. I'm not kidding anybody, including me. I'm as good as Flip Nash. All I need is the break. And the writers who go with it."

Her sigh was deep. "Did you ever stay anywhere long enough to find out whether you really liked it?"

whether you really liked it?"
He was restless. "Maybe, before you know what's best, you have to try quite a few."

"This is best for me. Right here on the island. Oh, little trips are all right. But a home, a place to live, it's here for me. I know it. And I love it."

He frowned. "Maybe you just don't know any better. You should get around more-

"Like you do?" She flashed a quick, pitying glance. "From one night club to another? Don't they all smell the same? Don't the people look the same? The only difference is some drunks laugh louder than others!"

He cocked an eyebrow. The words had needled him. "Lois, get off it," he told her. "It's a nice night, moon coming up . . ."
"You don't want to change, do you?

You don't even want to talk about it. I knew I shouldn't have seen you again. You're blind! blind!" Completely, utterly

He stared, bewildered at the hurt



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"that I'll be handing you a lot more. And soon. My big break finally broke.

Meanwhile, happy raiding."
"You're leaving?" Hendricks' eyes
sobered. "Now, that's a mean trick. You were getting to be one of the family."

I never was the family type Harry's smile felt a little crooked. "But I kid you not, chief. It's been swell. It really has."

"I sort of thought . . ." Hendricks stopped, and shrugged. "Well—good luck, Harry."

Harry went on, past the familiar club fronts, the novelty shops, the bowling alley. Yes, he realized, it had been swell. One of the family, Hendricks had said. A queer surge of pleasure went through him. For the first time he thought about leaving the procedure instead of leaving the place and people instead of leaving the place, and he frowned.

He realized he was consciously hurry-ing toward the hotel, and he recalled the leisurely pace of the past few weeks. Once more, he was pushing himself to get somewhere. A tiny discontent slowed his steps, and when he saw the windows of Randall's across the street he stopped.

Someone brushed him, and gave a passing greeting. Up the street, one of the speedboat men waved casually. Even as Harry paused there, others hailed him familiarly. It heightened his sense of belonging. He didn't quite know how to handle

it—but he knew he had to see her again. He took a deep breath, almost as though for a plunge into icy water, and crossed the street.

She stood in strained silence as he toyed with the menu. "Just coffee, I

She placed the cup before him, and was writing a check when he said, "I'm leaving the island tonight."

Her hand paused. "With the little bag of gags," Harry said. "I'm getting a chance at the big time."

He wondered why it required effort to sound enthused. Her calm grey eyes were studying him, and he couldn't tell whether she was sorry to see him go. With an abruptness that was almost pain, he wished she were.

"That's—that's fine—Pete is getting a new job, too. In the main office. Assistant supervisor of concessions." "Great," said Harry. She wasn't

sorry to see him go. He should have guessed that. "A nice guy."

"They—they'll need another transportation chief." She took a sharp breath, as though for courage, and glanced away. "I thought you knew he had recommended you. He told them you had a lot of good ideas. You -I've always known you didn't belong

on a bus."

Harry's heart jumped swiftly and
Harry's heart jumped swiftly and Harry's heart jumped swittly and unaccountably against his ribs. His throat was dry. "Last night," he said slowly. "You wanted nothing to do with me. Was it because of Pete?" Herchin came up. "There's not much

point in talking about it, now, is there? I know the way you are. Loose-footed. A drifter. A home never lasts for you." Her lips trembled, and she turned her

head.
With a faint shock, he glimpsed the torment in her eyes. It hit him hard torment in her eyes. It hit him hard then, that she had been afraid of him. Not of love, for there was no helping

that, but of the way it would end.
"Harry—please. Please go away."
He sat very still, remembering the casual pace, the feeling of belonging; the living that had needed only one thing to make it complete. He knew,

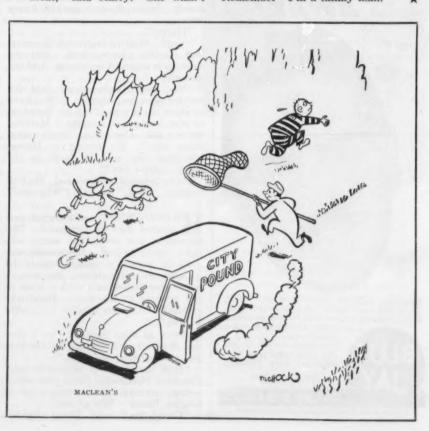
now, what it was.
"Stop that," Harry said softly. "Go away? Are you crazy?" He reached for her hand. "If I'd ever leave, I'd leave now. I shopped a long time for this break. It's a tough racket, the laughs racket. Anything goes—except getting caught." The grin came on him, then, masking the precariousness he felt as he waited for an answer. "Do you know what I'm saying?"

Her eyes searched his face. He said, "I'll be the greatest transportation chief in history. By the time I'm through, we'll own the whole island."

Her smile formed slowly, most of it radiant. He said quite humbly, "I'm not that good, baby. Not yet, if ever. But it's wonderful to know you think so." He leaned across the county. in her eyes, believing and proud and so." He leaned across the counter. "I need this," and he took he face in his hands and kissed her.
Someone applauded, and he heard

friendly laughter, and behind him Hendricks, the cop, said, "So. At last."

Harry turned, the cool softness still on his lips, and grinned shakily. "It was close," he said. "But take it easy. Remember—I'm a family man."



Mid-Atlantic Logbook

Continued from page 14

great respect I would contend that it is not so. "Progress" is an admirable word, dignified and relentless like the coming of dawn after dark, but when a man uses the adjective as a noun and says "I am a progressive" some-thing happens to the inflection. In the language of Hollywood the word "progressive" sticks.

If you are driving a car in a fog and take the wrong fork of the road you are undoubtedly moving forward, but you are also getting farther away from your destination. There is only one thing to do, you must turn back and return to the crossroads where you went wrong.

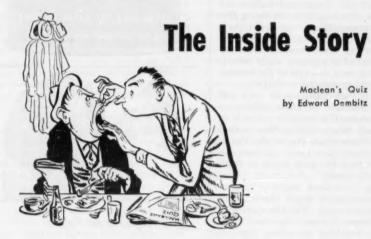
With complete sincerity I claim that the whole world is exactly in that position today. Mankind must turn back and find where it went astray. Then, and only then, will it be able to

on this voyage I have been reading a book on the French Revolution, a subject which will fascinate men as long as the world exists. There was the inspiration of grains in the triple slown. inspiration of genius in the triple slogan of "liberté, égalité, fraternité" and it was not only the French who believed that a new era of enlightenment had come to mankind.

Even the aristocratic whigs in England, forerunners of the Liberal Party, were openly sympathetic to the revolution and did not change their views even when Napoleon was setting up the model of dictatorship for the future instruction of the unborn Hitler, Mussolini and Lenin. They deplored the wars Napoleon waged but felt that, in ssence, he was a crusader carrying a fiery cross.

Fortunately the stubborn, unenlightened tories in England refused to compromise with the devil even if he





by Edward Dembitz

WHAT do you know about your body? Perhaps you didn't have the opportunity to study anatomy or physiology. Perhaps you've never been sick a day in your life. Still, most persons acquire a huge fund of medical information just by listening to friends enumerating their symptoms, operations, doctors, remedies, etc., etc.

Here's a chance to test your medical lore. Try to select the correct one of the three numerical possibilities listed for each statement. Can you get 12 right for an above-average score? Answers are on page 55.

1. Number of pairs of ribs per person is	12	13	9	
2. Rate of breathing per minute for adults in				
a quiet state is about	72	48	15	
3. Approximate percentage of water in the				
body, by weight, is	2	15	65	
4. Normal oral temperature, in degrees Fahrenheit, is usually	88.6	98.6	95.8	
5. Pints of blood in the body of a male of				
average height and weight are about.	4	9	32	
6. Number of teeth in a complete adult set is	32	28	36	
7. Maximum diameter in inches of the body's				
largest artery is slightly over	1/4	1	1/16	
8. Average number of heart beats per minute				
in the adult woman at rest is	100	75	50	
9. For each inch that the toenails grow, the fingernails grow, in inches	11/2	16	4	
10. Number of bones in an adult's body is slightly more than	200	500	2,600	
11. For each white corpuscle, the number of				
red corpuscles is, very roughly	5	50	500	
12. Calories of food required daily by a hard-				
working adult total about	1,600	3,300	4,800	
13. Quarts of air breathed per minute by a				
person at rest is approximately	8	2	1/4	
14. Man's brain—some five ounces heavier				
than woman's—weighs, in ounces, about	48	124	9	
15. With normal eyesight you should be able				
to read this "E" from a distance in				
feet, of	5	10	20	

Answers on page 55



'NATURE IN BALANCE' IS Nature Unspoiled

IT IS GENERALLY KNOWN that some animals depend on others for their food. These food chains help keep the right proportions amongst all plant and animal life. But there are other "chains" that help keep nature in balance.

One of these exists between the northern pileated woodpecker and the American golden-eye duck. The woodpecker's nesting hole is used the following year by tree-nesting ducks. As these ducks largely depend on unused woodpecker nests for their homes, this means that where woodpeckers are scarce, tree-nesting ducks are also likely to be scarce.

This is only one way that woodpeckers help us—they also protect our trees by devouring thousands of tree-killing beetles

and other destructive insects. All woodpeckers are definitely beneficial and should not be molested.

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adding to the excitement for people still

love to see film stars in the flesh.

Well . . . what is this play what is this play which has made Miller a very rich man and sent American businessmen sobbing into the glare of Broadway at night? The salesman, now in his early 60's, is a failure but still tries to pretend he is a success. He used to buy books on self-help and always believed that by smiling and having a collection of funny stories he would make people like him. He stubbornly believes he understands the technique of success although his sales are steadily falling.

In addition he worshipped his elder son when he was a football star at school and thus made him a trickster and a cheap crook. His younger son is a waster who specializes in cheap

Finally the boss fires the salesman and the poor little man commits sui-The play is brilliantly acted, written and produced.

Now let us be clear about our approach to this subject. I hold that a playwright should have complete of expression and that the critic should be concerned only with the qualities of the play as a work of art. But the critic has a perfect right to point out that a play such as "The Death of a Salesman" is a direct attack on the American way of life and, as such, has been given a frenzied welcome by Americans

Why shouldn't the salesman have dreamed dreams even if they proved false? The whole story of the U. S. as a nation is based upon the dreams of men. Why shouldn't the salesman have read books to better himself? The great achievement of American life is great achievement of the underdog to an the struggle of the underdog to an the kennels. Why honored place in the kennels. shouldn't the salesman go on fighting even when he knows there is no hope? Custer was not the only American capable of making a last stand.

Pity the Poor Teen-ager

The Communist "Daily Worker" in London heralded it as the greatest play for a century since it exposed the whole falsity of American capitalism. In fact, I left London the Daily Worker was still shouting about it.

Do I blame Miller or Kazan? Not at all. But I do confess to an uneasy surprise at the hysterical reaction of the tycoons of New York and places

To some extent we in Britain are mendicants to America and it may seem ungracious to criticize our gener ous cousin, but nothing can prevent our discussing him. And one of the things that worries us is the deepening pessimism of the American character

This morning my wife showed me a popular American woman's magazine. The contents were incredible, almost as incredible as the huge circulation the magazine enjoys. One article dealt with the failure of the average American marriage. There was a chart to ss the conduct of the husband and unless 50% of the answers were favor-

able he was unfit to be married. I was only able to score 20% but my wife still looks reasonably cheerful. Then there was a study of the teen-age girl. Poor little creature! There seems no hope for her at all.

Stocks for the Propagandists

Next, the magazine got down to the erious business of why a child of four cries when he can't have any more The foolish, ignorant mother thinks it is because he is greedy and does not know what is good for him so gives him a slap, thus practically ensuring that he will become a criminal in later life. According to the magazine she should have taken him straight to a psychiatrist who would have searched into the hidden recesses of the little mind and found the real origin of the

desire for more candy. Such rot! What America needs is a wholesome campaign to cast out fear. There is no place in this modern dangerous world for fear. It is the destroyer of happiness and the corrupter of judgment. Show me a nation rotted with fear and I will show you a breeding swamp for Communism.

Therefore let us summarize this mid-Atlantic soliloquy. A nation must progress or it will go into a decline, that is the law of life. But revolution is not progress any more than cutting off a man's head is a proper cure for toothache. It has been wisely said that the art of marriage is to desire that which one already possesses and to find infinite novelty in long association. That is true to some extent of the attitude of a nation towards its way of

"Intellectuals" and "progressives" who find merit in any political philosophy of alien origin and decry as out-moded the system of society which has given them freedom to express their thoughts should be tolerated as part

of the burden we have to bear.
Rich men who think that all opportunity ended with their own achievements ought to be sent to school again to study history.

Pessimists who doubt the future of Western civilization because it is based on freedom should try castor oil.

Propagandists who preach the doctrine that materialism is all that matters and that religion is only a soporific to keep industrial slaves falsely contented ought to be made to memorize the whole of "Das Kapital."

Progress means building on the firm foundation of a people's character and history. To sweep everything aside and start anew is to reduce mankind to the level of an infant who grows tired of placing blocks on top of each other and mocks them down with one push of his little hand.

W. Griffiths gave us "The Birth of a Nation" and Arthur Miller gives us "The Death of a Salesman." I wonder what message I will take home from Canada whose frontiers now reach out east and west until her contact is with the whole world.

WINDSOR CASTLE . . . A favourite home of English Kings since William the Conqueror. Its battlements and Rooms of State have witnessed scenes of triumphs and conflicts, and it is an integral part of the colourful pageantries and glorious traditions that are essentially

Traditionally

As TRULY BRITISH as the mighty walls of ancient castles is the overwhelming preference for mustard as a condiment and in the preparation of favourite foods. And naturally so, for mustard from England has a flavour and tang all its own.

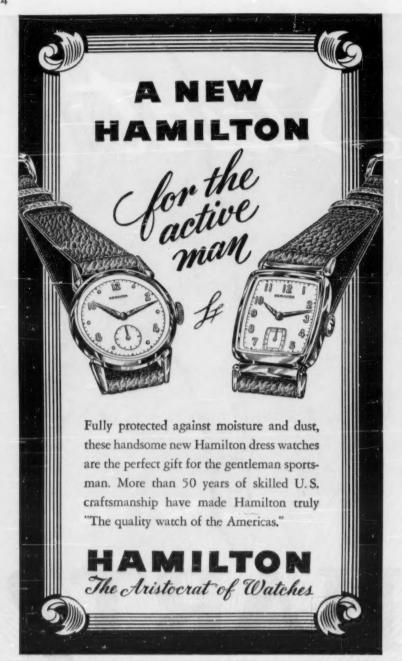
In pickling, for example, Keen's or Colman's D.S.F. Mustard will give your favourite recipes the utmost in taste and zest, with every assurance of success. For many new and delightful recipes, write to Reckitt & Colman (Canada) Limited, Station T, Montreal for your free copy of the beautifully illustrated recipe book "Culinary Art".

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Answers to quiz THE INSIDE STORY (Page 53)

- 2. 15 (about 14 to 18).
- 3.65
- 5. 9 (5-8% of body weight for quick calculations)
- 6. 32 (a child's first teeth number 20).
- 7. 1 (at connection with heart).
- 8. 75 (about 70 to 80; for men about 65 to 70.)
- (fingernails grow about 1/30 inches per week).
- 10. 200.
- 11.500 (in healthy blood there are two or three white per 1,000 red).
- 12. 3,300.
- 13. 8 (one pint with each breath).
- 14. 48 (and weight is no indication of intelligence).



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wore a halo. Under the fighting leader-ship of Nelson and Wellington they fought Napoleon on the sea, on the beaches and in the hills until he had had enough and retired to St. Helena to give his own written version of history.

No one can deny the idealism behind the French Revolution any more than the French Revolution any more than one can deny its savage cruelty. It was not only the wretched sans culottes who struck with blind ferocity at the aristocrats; many of the best minds in France had prepared the way by their appeal to reason and the brotherhood of man. To these cultivated minds the violence of a revolution was minds the violence of a revolution was justified by the reforms which would follow. They felt, in the words of Oscar Wilde, that at the birth of a child or a star there is pain.

Where Did the Liberty Go?

Russia's greatest writers, including Tolstoy, Turgenev, Dostoievsky and Maxim Gorky, heralded the coming collapse of the Tsars and hailed the day when revolution would bring liberty to Russia. We cannot doubt their sincerity or their courage for they faced the anger of their friends and the disapproval of the palace while admit-

disapproval of the palace while admittedly doing very well out of the system of society they wanted to destroy.

Today if their ghosts walk they will see the triumph of their efforts—a country where the creative artist is in theirs and where liberty him by him of their second where the creative artist is in chains and where liberty lies buried with the bones of the last of the Tsars.

Let us have men about us who can think but may the gods spare us from the "intellectuals." Fabianism begat Socialism, Socialism begat Communism, Communism begat the sterility of the human soul. Yet the men who brought these changes of society upon us were heralded in every age "progressives." No wonder the word stinks like old cheese.

Admittedly every form of society must be under constant criticism and there must be an equal determination to achieve progress by equalizing op-portunity, raising the standard of living and securing a fairer distribution of the national wealth. These are the ABC of democratic development and are not less important because they come so early in the alphabet. But where does criticism cease to be helpful and become destructive?

I was reminded of these things a month ago when two very interesting Americans came to lunch with me at the House of Commons. One was Arthur Miller, the youngish author of "All My Sons" and "Death of a Salesman"; the other was young Elia Kazan, producer of "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "Death of a Salesman."

Even a Salesman Can Dream

They were about to present "Salesman" in London and were wondering if it would reproduce its astonishing success in New York where businessmen pay fabulous prices for seats and come away in tears.

I told them I would have to reserv my judgment until the first night but ventured the opinion that London would be unlikely to go as mad as New For one thing, I explained, the traveling salesman is not the romantic figure in Britain that he is in the U.S. For reasons too complex to explain it is the lodger who is the romantic figure of British life. It was amusing enough conversation and I liked them both very much. It also whetted my appe-tite for the first night of their play.

It was a great first night for seldom has any play been heralded with such a fanfare of trumpeted publicity. Paul Muni played the leading role, thus





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Modesty Hurts-Patient: Doc, I get a bad pain when I bend over, put my hands below my knees, then straighten up and bring them above my waist.

Doctor: Well don't make those

silly movements.

Patient: How else do I get my pants on?—Drumheller Mail.

It Still Hurts-In a discussion on women's styles on a quiz show, an elderly man was one of the contestants. He was asked: "I suppose you are old enough to remember wasp waists?"

"Remember 'em," he exclaimed bitterly. "That's when I got stung. Saint John Telegraph Journal.

Did She Stop?-The irate prosecutor whirled on the defendant: "Madam," he shouted, trying to prove a vital point, "while you were taking your dog for a walk, did you stop at any place?"

The spectators waited, tensely, for an answer.

"Sir," she said quietly, "did you ever take a dog for a walk?"—Peterborough Examiner.

She Knew-Examiner (to woman motorist being examined for a driver's license): And what is the white line in the middle of the road for?

Woman: Bicycles.—Welland Port Colborne Tribune.

Mystery Solved-When the new minister came to the little church, the congregation was naturally interested in learning something about his former life. They were told he had once worked in some business establishment, but he seemed loath to talk about it. When their new shepherd discouraged all enquiries about his earlier occupation, they were obliged to hope for a revealing gesture from the finger of fate.

Fate was not long in accommodating them. The other Sunday, near the end of his sermon, the new clergyman made this moving appeal:

"The Kingdom of Heaven awaits you today! This is your golden opportunity; it may never come to you again. Remember, this may be your last chance! Friends, what am I bid?"-The Star and Vidette, Grand Valley, Ont.

Matters Made Worse-There was once a lady traveling in a bus. She nursed an extremely homely child that proved to be hypnotic attraction for an old gentleman seated opposite her. The lady was naturally indignant. "Rubber!" she said.

The gentleman appeared vastly relieved. "Thank God!" he said. "I thought it was real."—Quebec relieved. Chronicle Telegraph.

Aged in Oil-Maintenance Superintendent: How long have you worked in the garage?

Mechanic: Sixty-five years. Maint. Supt.: How old are you? Mech.: I'm 40 years old.

Maint. Supt.: How could you work for 65 years when you are only 40 years old?

Mech.: Lots of overtime!-The Labor Leader, Toronto.

For Short Drives - Salesman: What kind of car would you like, madam, four, six or eight cylinders? Timid Customer: Could I begin with one? - Niagara Falls Review.

Plea Perfect - Prisoner: But, Your Honor, she keeps irritating me all the time.

Judge: How does she irritate you? Prisoner: Why, she keeps saying: "Hit me! Beat me! Go on, just hit me once, and I'll have you hauled up before that bald-headed old reprobate judge and see what he'll do with you!

Judge: Prisoner discharged. -Drumheller Mail.



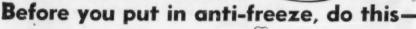


These first crisp days of the football season should remind you that hard starting weather is just ahead, and to have your Champion dealer check your spark plugs. There's nothing like a new set of dependable Champion Spark Plugs to revitalize a sluggish and gas-wasting engine. Perhaps they'll only need cleaning and adjusting - but if you find you need new ones, be sure you get Champion, Canada's

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INHIBITOR. It prevents rust forming and keeps out acid, too. One can is enough for the whole season.



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Rust Ruins Radiators!

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WISDOM

The Ones That Got Away-Matrimony is a method of finding out what wonderful men your wife used to go with. -Guelph Mercury.

- "Bad cooking And Painfully practices die slowly," says a writer. The victims, however, sometimes die quite quickly. - Peterborough Ex-

But His Wife Can Smell a Rat!-Yale savants make the odd discovery that cockroaches can smell colors-a knack denied the average husband, except as it concerns burning toast.—Calgary Herald.

Hobby for Hubby-A Toronto hobby show, which dealt chiefly in miniature objects, was nevertheless decorated with live full-sized bathing girls. Of course, they provide a popular hobby, too. — Victoria

Ha Ha Ouch!-To them who punctuate with pokes The hidden humor of their jokes For my especial benefit-The elbow's sharper than the wit.

— Niagara Falls Review.

Refrain From Stealing-Three clarinets and three accordions were

stolen from a Cleveland music store. Police suspect a robber band.—Brandon Sun.

Pats and Paddles-Of course, children need love and especially when they don't deserve it.—Quebec Chronicle-Telegram.

Lewisite, Maybe?-One woman at a labor party luncheon asked John L. Lewis what hair grower he uses. We are only curious about his nerve tonic.-London Free Press.

Trimming Parlor-Police say a barber shop here took bets on the races. A clip joint?—Toronto Tele-

No Cars, No Cares-An 82-yearold woman in Kentucky has never seen an automobile. That's one way to live that long.—Guelph Mercury.

High-Priced Ammo-The Rolls Royce has been reduced from \$20,400 to \$14,400. It's still quite a distinction for a pedestrian to be knocked down by one.—Calgary Albertan.

More Deadly Than-The male mosquito is said to be harmless—the lady doing the buzzing and biting. We learn valuable lessons from studying insects. - Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

WILFIE

By JAY WORK



bother less hardy men. experiment doesn't come off Satterly always asks him what he did wrong. Tonkin goes about setting up the demonstration again in silence. Satterly openly blames him for spilled water, broken apparatus, and anything else that goes wrong around the lecture room. The students love it.

Satterly believes in putting flesh on the bare bones of the problems he sets his class. His problems are full of college girls, sleeping professors, university examiners, and real people and places. A girl try, pling the the priferent places. A girl traveling at the uniform speed of 3,000 feet per second decides to intercept a studious young man traveling NNE at 5,000 feet per second.

Instead of stones being thrown off cliffs, in Satterly's problems babies are tossed out of windows onto fine English lawns. "A certain professor lay in his bath watching a towel slip off a rack . ." he will dictate to his class. At other times he has "certain pro-

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fessors" sitting before fireplaces watching pokers swing with a certain period vibration, mistakes being made labels for margarine, and the dead bodies of engineers and university examiners being dragged across the campus

One Monday he gave the students certain clues about the numbers of the hymns posted up in church the day before and had them work out the numbers, find the hymns in their hymn books at home, write down the first lines and comment on them. One of the hymns was "May Thy Glory Be Spread Around the World." Some students commented that it was a hymn written to the professor.

Every Fall, a Haircut

He is a thin, birdlike man with a rather fussy manner and a lush ring of slate-grey hair like upswept angora. According to the students he gets his hair cut once a year, in the late fall. On this day he arrives in class looking like a shorn lamb. Not until next summer is it again in full bloom. He once had most of it burnt off during an experiment with liquid air. It came in

like fine virgin wool.

Most of the first-year students regard him as a holy terror, and if they're poor students they're liable to retain the impression as he has the tempera-ment of a hornet. He's been known to smack the back end of a car with his cane so hard that the owner threat-

ened to sue him for property damage. He has a glib, sarcastic tongue and the niceties of human feeling—his own or other people's-don't bother him too

Within the first five minutes of an interview he told me that Maclean's was the silliest magazine in the world, that I was a silly man, that I was sure to make a fool of myself, that he didn't trust me, that I said I understood him when I didn't know what he was talking about; refused point blank to have his picture taken, sighed, "Ah! the ignorance of the human race," sang a hymn for me, and ended up by fishing in his desk for photographs of himself.

Thinks the Phone Is Rude

There are a lot of campus rumors about him including one about a group of engineering students hanging him up coat peg, and another about a medical class tiring of his sarcasm and ducking him in Hart House pool. Neither of these, Satterly says, true.

The only trouble he admits to with students happened about 30 years ago when a dental class kibitzed around so much that he simply stopped making an appearance. The students finally sent a delegation to ask him if he'd please come back.

One time he gave a complete lecture to an empty classroom, to the mild alarm of Professor R. C. Dearle, now head of the physics department of the University of Western Ontario, at that time one of Satterly's demonstrators, who happened to poke his head into the room while the lecture was going on.

It turned out that the class had cut the lecture because it came too early after a holiday. So Satterly had given the lecture anyway, complete with notes and demonstrations. Then he put all the problems on the next examination paper. The students didn't try that one again.

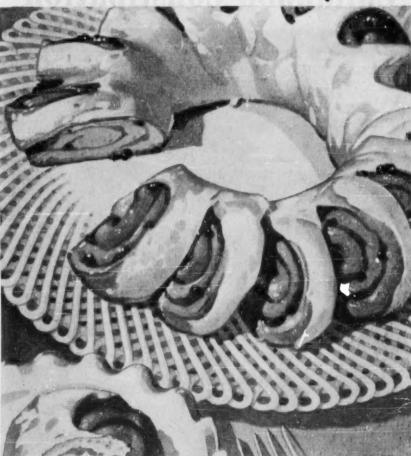
He lives a quiet life with his wife and daughter. He is a great reader of the classics, likes walking and is a regular churchgoer. His daughter is a demonstrator in metallurgical enginafter a holiday. So Satterly had given

a demonstrator in metallurgical engin-eering at the University of Toronto. He also has a son with the Ontario Government Department of Mines.

When his family was young he used to tell them fascinating stories about a little boy who was always throwing rotten tomatoes at the gardener.



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1 tablespoon granulated sugar and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of ... 3 envelopes Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.

In the meantime, scald ... 2/3 cup milk.

Remove from heat and stir in . . . ½ cup granulated sugar, 1½ teaspoon salt,

6 tablespoons shortening.

Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture.

Stir in 3 eggs, well beaten

Stir in . . . 3 cups once-sifted bread flour and beat until smooth.

Work in an additional . . . 3 cups once-sifted bread flour and beat until smooth.

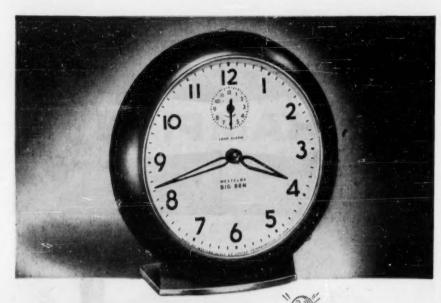
Work in an additional . . . 3 cups once-sifted bread flour. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each piece into a 1/4-inch

thick oblong. Cream until soft . . . ¼ cup butter, and mix in . . 1 cup brown sugar (lightly pressed down),

2 teaspoons ground cinnamon.

Spread this mixture on oblongs of dough and sprinkle with ... 1 cup raisins or currants. Beginning at a long edge, roll each piece up like a jelly roll; place each roll on a greased large baking sheet and shape into a ring, sealing ends together. Grease tops. Cut 1-inch slices almost through to centre with scissors and turn each slice partly on its side. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Brush with 1 egg yolk beaten with 2 tablespoons milk. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 25 to 30 minutes. If desired, spread tops, while warm, with a plain icing. Serve hot, with butter.



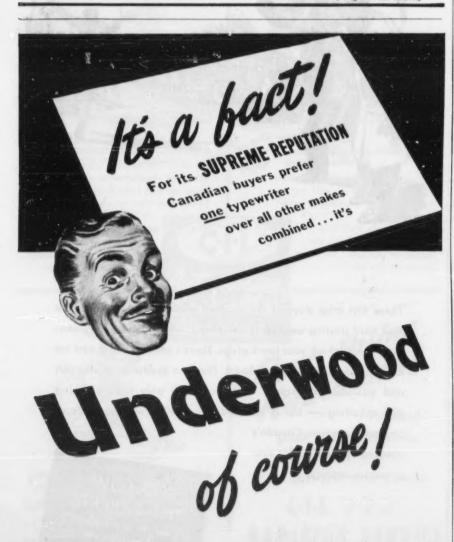


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Carnival in the Classroom

Continued from page 13

as one of the top teachers of physics in North America, he's not likely to change.

Much of his humor is of a basic slapstick quality. When he's writing a particularly long mathematical exession on the blackboard he tinues right on over the edge and along

the wall.

He has made so many jokes about engineers that the students begin laughing at the first cue. Example: "You can't equate apples to oranges, inches to seconds, or engineers to physicists." He tells how he happened to be on hand when a group of Hydro engineers were trying to free the shaft of a generator using a method that would have cost in the neighborhood of \$100,000

Satterly stepped forth, said: silly men! You engineers!" and told them how they could free it for \$1,000 simply by cooling the shaft quickly with either liquid air or a mixture of carbon dioxide and alcohol.

'I saved them \$99,000 and all they did was tell me that I needn't pay my
Hydro bills for a year."

Actually there is more to his cracks

about engineers than meets a student's eye. He thinks that, at the University of Toronto particularly, they are too ready to accept the gimmicks physi-

ready to accept the gimmicks physicists hand them without question or thought, like small boys with a new toy. "They don't read enough," he grumbles. "They don't get outside their subject. They spend their time studying engineering gadgets which studying engineering gadgets which will be obsolete by the time they're finished their course. They should finished their course. They should spend more of their first and second years studying mathematics, physics and chemistry. Those are basic sciences which never change."

A Halo on his Head

Satterly tickles the students and at the same time aids their memory with remarks like: "There are several gases difficult to liquefy: neon, argon, krypton and so-on."

To drill into the class that no one should be too sure an experiment is coming out the way he thinks it is, he always says: "We hope and pray that this experiment will be successful." He has said it so often that when he writes it on the blackboard, he abbre-

viates it to "We h. & p."

When he makes snow from carbondioxide gas he tosses snowballs at the students. When he gives a demonstration of cold flame, instead of simply making a few passes through it with his hand as the other professors do, he ignites a ring of asbestos gauze, places it on his head, turns out the lights and marches around in an attitude of prayer, his face illuminated by a brightly burning halo.

Another favorite trick is to state a problem which would test the most profound mathematical mind, manipulate a slide rule as if it were a cocktail shaker, whip around and chalk up the answer, which he already knows, to six decimal places.

One great admirer of Satterly who, nevertheless, is not exactly ecstatic about his sense of humor is H. W. Tonkin, Satterly's lecture assistant, a poker-faced, taciturn young physicist who follows the professor around at his liquid air demonstration with a fire

extinguisher and a worried look.

After five years as the professor's straight man about all he has to say is a defiant, "I don't take any notice of him. He doesn't bother me."

The way Satterly uses him would

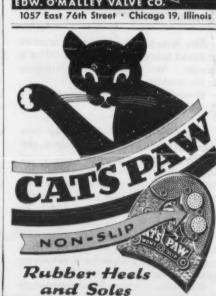


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He considers the telephone an extremely rude instrument for which there is no justification and shies away from using them. He was one of the first people in Toronto to go around with a hat. He goes swimming twice a week in the Varsity pool.

It's been his habit to go to England every other year. He comes back with a new supply of jokes and his pockets stuffed with "good English twine."

When he goes on his summer holi-days he takes along a thermometer and a barometer for daily readings. He usually has a following of kids from usually has a following of kids from nearby cottages when he goes on his temperature-taking expeditions. They race back and tell their mothers that "Professor Satterly says the water is seventy can I go swimming?"

With his quick wit, sarcasm and flare for devising effective demonstration
Satterly starts right in on first year.

Satterly starts right in on first-year students to give them the right attitude toward physics. He jolts them out of the tendency to approach problems with preconceived notions of what the results should be. He teaches them to measure, observe and test.

The Stopper Wouldn't Stick

If a student comes to him and says he got the wrong answer to a problem Satterly points out that, on the contrary, he got the right answer to some other problem. Nature gives no wrong answers. All you have to do is observe, measure and calculate properly and you'll get the right answer to the right

His insistence on people learning to rely on their own powers of observation makes him a bit of a gadfly around the university. He loves to get young hot-shot physicists full of brand-new theories and enthusiasm to perform some such simple operation as finding the volume of a copper rod, knowing that they'll be so contemptuous of such an easy chore, so clear about what they want and so careless about what they're getting, that they'll make mistakes all down the line. They'll forget decimal places, fail to make enough measure-ments to get a decent average, and come up with such theoretical absurdi-ties as copper that floats like a cork.

One time he sent his entire class to the applied mathematics department to ask why the mathematical formula for

calculating the vibrations of a hanging chain didn't coincide with observable evidence. The applied mathematics department decided that Satterly was going a bit too far with his jokes and complained that the students were pestering them about a simple ques-tion. Satterly replied that if the answer were so simple why didn't they give it to the students and get it over with? The department sat down to dash off the answer. That was four years ago. They haven't produced it yet.

Satterly believes that one good visual illustration is worth all the examinations and chalk marks in the world and is not above rigging his demonstrations to make his point. Occasionally this practice puts him on a spot that would worry less nimble-minded men.
In one demonstration he shows how

the adhesion of a tight-fitting object can be broken by the application of heat. To do this he chooses something that actually does give trouble, the ground-glass stopper of a bottle. However, to make sure he doesn't muff the demonstration, he first makes sure the

stopper is free.
Once when he was about to give this demonstration he told his demonstra-tor, Saul Dushman, now assistant director of General Electric's research laboratory, to go up and get "that bottle Miss Crossley (an assistant pro-fessor) has been trying to get open for fessor) has been trying to get open for three years," instructing him in a lower voice to make sure he picked a bottle

with a nice loose stopper.

Dushman overdid it. When Satterly began to grunt and twist and tell the students how many times they'd tried to free that stopper, he suddenly found the stopper lying in his hand. Thinking quickly he accused Dushman of bring-

ing the wrong bottle.

Satterly doesn't worry too much about rules and routine. He uses show about rules and routine. He uses show manship, gags, sleight of hand and anything else that comes in handy in making his point. The students, without knowing it, frequently have already got the point while they are still trying to figure out what went wrong with an

experiment or a mathematical formula.

They are thinking for themselves, which is what Satterly wants them

"Don't take anything on trust," he tells them. "In science everyone is a liar until proved otherwise."



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kind of Communism and therefore we ought to be able to win the cold war. There is some evidence even now that we are winning it. Communism, at least in some parts of the world, is on the wane.

IRWIN: Do you think, as has been suggested sometimes, that the Russians are more afraid of our friendship than the control of our committed

ship than they are of our enmity?
THE MINISTER: Here again I'd like
to quibble over your question. What
do you mean by "the Russians"? It's quite clear in my mind that the ruling clique in Russia don't want our friendship. They don't seem to want friendly co-operation. They don't want an exchange of ideas. They don't want exchanges of visits, or the grouth of or the growth of understanding. They shut off their people from all contact with us, even to the extent of jamming radio broadcasts from outside. Also they are filling the minds of their people with the most them. They are doing everything possible to stir up suspicion and fear and mistrust. I think this is the

most vicious form of warmongering. So the evidence shows that the ruling clique in Russia must fear the effect on their dictatorship of knowledge and understanding between peoples. That might bring about friendship and that might be the end of them and their system. That I suggest is their greatest crime against their own people and against

FRASER: Do you think they'll get away with this? THE MINISTER: I am convinced myself that the Russian people desire our friendship, as we do theirs. Our best hope for peace is that some day this desire may have a chance to express itself and break through the vicious chains of induced ignorance and false propaganda that now bind it. That is our best hope for peace.

Tito

FRASER: Should we support Tito's Yugoslavia? Here apparently nationalism is operating in our favor. THE MINISTER: Yes, apparently,

but don't forget that in another sense this is a family quarrel, and its violent and explosive character doesn't alter the form of government in either country. However, the fun-damental importance of this quarrel, so it seems to me, is that it demon-strates beyond any possible shadow of doubt that there is no room in the Communist International for any form of national autonomy; that every Communist state must become and remain the subservient agent of Russian policy, or it will be excom-municated by "hammer and sickle."

Tito's experience shows what happens when a Communist regime attempts to retain some independence of the dictates of Moscow; and it also throws an interesting light on the shrill disclaimer of Communists in this country that they are Canadian patriots whose views and actions are not determined by Moscow. Let them ask Tito about that.

This struggle going on between Tito and Moscow is also of critical importance in the light it throws on the aggressive menace of Russian Communism at this time. The policy of Moscow in regard to Yugoslavia is a good example of the new form of indirect aggression which Russia hitherto has applied only to non-Communist states but is now trying on a Communist one.

IRWIN: That's interesting, but it does occur to me, Mr. Minister, that you haven't really answered the question.



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IT'S SMART TO BUILD WITH THESE



Straight Talk From Mike Pearson

Continued from page 9

against it, and we managed to get it changed—I think in the right direction.

On control of atomic energy, though we have supported the principles of the plan put forward by the United States, that plan has been modified in certain important details by Canadian action.

In United Nations policy on Korea we differed quite definitely from the United States.

These were occasions on which we followed our own line, and we do that enough, I think, to make it fair to say that we're no satellite to the United States or to anybody else.

War or Peace?

IRWIN: Do you think the Western world is heading in the right direc-tion now? Can we achieve peace by military alliances and piling up

THE MINISTER: That's a pretty fundamental question. I think that we are heading in the right direction now, and have been for over a year. I say that because, in my view, the period of wavering and doubt on the part of the West as to the best line to take toward Communist Eastern Europe seems to have come to an end and to have been replaced by a firm, consistent but unprovocative policy of opposition to any aggressive and expansionist policies of the Communist group.

The Western countries are build-

ing up an effective system of col-lective security through the Atlantic Pact. This remedies, to some extent the present weakness of the United Nations as a defense against aggression and ensures that in one large årea of the world an aggressor cannot now destroy his victims one by one. It also ensures that there will be sufficient defensive force to remove the temptation to start trouble.

At the present time weakness is, I think, the greatest provocation to aggression. That's one reason why I feel we're on the right line now. Other moves in the same direction are the growth of political unity in Europe and the economic rehabilitation of that continent.

And yet, to deal with the latter part of your question, I think it remains fundamentally true that there is no permanent guarantee of peace in military alliances or armaments alone. All history shows that.
Why should we think that history in the 20th century will be different?
All that we can do at present

through things like the United Nations, the Atlantic Pact and the Brussels Treaty is to give ourselves an interval during which there will not be war because it will be too risky for anybody to start one. During that interval—it may be long or may be not so long—we will have an opportunity to solve the problems that divide the world.

Communism

FRASER: Do you think we can settle our differences with the Russians peaceably or do you think World War III is inevitable? THE MINISTER: Well, of course, if

we can't solve serious political differences with the Russians, or with any other Power, war is always possible and in the long run probably inevitable. But that "if" is a fundamental



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part of the answer. Because of it war is never "inevitable." Indeed,

war is never inevitable. Indeed, nothing is inevitable in human affairs, except life and death!

The difficulty, of course, is that the Russians and their Communist friends are not showing any disposition to secondary in the solution of tion to co-operate in the solution of the problems that prevent peace becoming more than the absence of war. Somehow or other this solution must be found, but it takes two for that.

I think that on our side, the Western side, we have the desire for and the will toward settlement of outstanding problems. Yet it doesn't seem to exist on the other side at the sid the present time. But we should, of course, never give up the effort to reach a peaceful settlement no mat-ter how frustrating the task may

RWIN: Assuming for the sake of argument that we don't get concessions from the other side, can we defeat Communism by force?

THE MINISTER: What do you mean by Communism? If you mean can we defeat a Russian aggression using Communism as its spearhead, then I think, if it ever comes to that, the answer is "yes." The democratic forces are superior in resources, in resourcefulness, in morale and in modern military equipment.

We can defeat that kind of Communism which expresses itself in an

we can defeat that kind of communism which expresses itself in an old-fashioned war of aggression, though at the same time I think it is probably true to say that in defeating it we might destroy many of the things we're twying to preserve of the things we're trying to preserve. But we would have no alternative but to do the best we could to defeat that kind of open aggression. I think

we could do it.

If, however, you mean by Communism a social and economic doctrine, then you can't defeat that by force; any more than you can defeat

any idea by force.

IRWIN: Which do you think is the dominant Russian motivation? Is it the nationalist power drive, or the

ideological drive?
THE MINISTER: I am in no position, of course, to weigh the relative importance of these two factors in the minds of those who control Russian policy. My own view is that the emphasis is shifting and has been shifting for 10 or 15 years from the ideological to the imperialistic.

FRASER: In other words, they set out originally to convert the world

but now they are shifting to the idea of conquering the world.

THE MINISTER: I think there is such a shift, but I think also that the Russians are wise enough to use the idea of Community as the reserve. the idea of Communism as the spear-head of their Slav imperialism. That is their great strength and their great menace.

The Cold War

IRWIN: Who's winning the cold war? THE MINISTER: The answer to that question brings me back to your other question: Can we defeat Communism by force?

We may be able to contain Russia, but in the long run, the only way you can defeat Communism as an idea, a doctrine, is by showing that our own free system can do more for the good life of the average citizen than Communism can ever hope to do. That should be possible, if we're really serious about it, because ours is a progressive, constructive approach to social and economic problems. Theirs is as reactionary as tyranny and as old as sin.

We ought to be able to defeat that

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closely with India as well as Pakistan and Ceylon. At the Commonwealth conference in London last April we participated very actively in working out a solution which would enable a republic of India to remain in the Commonwealth. We wouldn't have been so anxious to do that if we hadn't thought India was a valuable member of the Commonwealth, par-ticularly in its role as a bridge between the East and the West. That may be one of the most valu-able contributions India can make.

The fact that there are now three completely independent Eastern nations in a Commonwealth which originally was Western is of very

great significance to the world. IRWIN: What would you think of the suggestion that following Prime Min-ister Nehru's visit to Canada in the autumn we send to India a really strong business mission, which might be supported by Government offi-cials, with the idea of developing trade between our two cour ries? THE MINISTER: That might be a

very good idea but before reaching any conclusions we had better wait to see how sterling-dollar problems are worked out in the weeks ahead. India is a very important element in those problems.

India, as you know, is a member of the sterling area with a lot of sterling credits which are taking a lot of exports from Great Britain. Until we work out some kind of solution to that immediate difficulty a mission of the kind you suggest wouldn't be as valuable and as important as it should be.

Socialism and Dollars

IRWIN: Do you think that Britain's switch to Socialism has altered the nature of Commonwealth relation-

ships?
THE MINISTER: If the Commonwealth relationship depends on the politics of the party form of govern-ment freely chosen by the voters of its member nations, that relationship would not have lasted as long as it has. My answer to your question is to point out that there has been a Socialist government in New Zea-land for a long time and nobody has ever asked whether its establishment years ago altered the nature of Comyears ago altered the nature of Commonwealth relations. Why, then, should we ask the same question about the United Kingdom? IRWIN: Do you think the British dollar crisis contains any threat to the Commonwealth?

he Commonwealth?

THE MINISTER: Well, economic influences bear on political relation-ships and anything that prevents the snips and anything that prevents the United Kingdom trading with Canada would naturally force us to readjust our economic relationships. Certainly we hope that won't be necessary. But trading difficulties with the United Kingdom which are not solved by some form of action, co-operative action, might force us to face some far-reaching decisions.

That's one reason, a very important reason, why I hope the financial crisis in the United Kingdom will be solved to hasten the return to multi-

lateral trading and prevent the freezing of sterling and dollar blocs.

Canada, don't forget, is the only member of the Commonwealth in the dollar area and we naturally feel a little uncomfortable, in our Com-monwealth relationships, as long as there is this separation between trading areas.

Germany

FRASER: To change the subject completely, do you think we should treat Western Germany as an ally? Or should we continue to regard all

should we continue to regard all Germany as an enemy to be feared? THE MINISTER: I can't give you any categorical answer to that question. I think we should certainly do anything we can to help build up a German—an all-German—democratic state on a federal basis as a peaceful and progressive member of the European computative. That's of the European community. That's our policy.

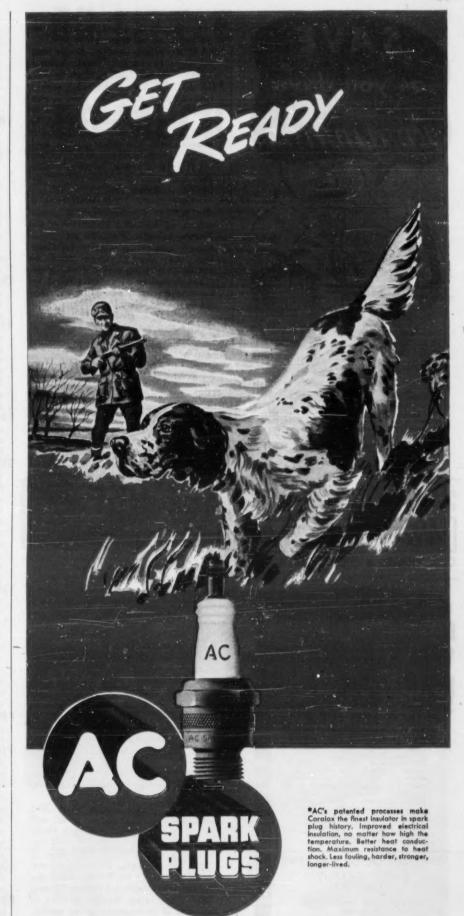
our policy.

It seems to me it is essential to try to do this because you can't have a political vacuum in the middle of Europe of 65 million German people. And there won't be a vacuum. Those people will work with either East or West, and we must do our best to make sure that it is with the West.

make sure that it is with the West. And yet (there is always an "and yet" to these questions) it is hard to forget, hard especially for some people in Europe to forget, harder than it is for us to forget, what Germany has done to Europe and to the world in the last 40 years. Therefore we must have sympathy with the fears of Germany's neighbors who have suffered so much from German action in the past. That German action in the past. That means we should put the emphasis on the building of a stable and democratic German state, and do what we can do to defeat those forces which probably still exist in Germany, and which twice led Germany and the world into so much trouble and tragedy in the last 40 years.

I hope, however, we'll avoid the mistakes of the interwar period where we were too often inclined to discourage and at times bully a

discourage and at times bully a German democratic government and then to allow a Nazi government to do practically whatever it pleased. IRWIN: Do you think there ought to be a United States of Europe? Whether desirable or not, do you think it is practical politics? THE MINISTER: I certainly think it is desirable. However, whether it is practicable or not at this time is another question. The translation of such an ideal as a United States of of such an ideal as a United States of Europe into fact is bound to be a highly complex and slow process. It is going to take patience and effort and we don't help the process very much if we on this side of the water try to press it too fast and too far.



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I WAS IN THE DEATH CELL

Two months in the condemned cell, his sentence commuted finally to life imprisonment, a Canadian convict tells what it's like to spend 20 years in the penitentiary.

NOV. I MACLEAN'S

ON SALE OCT. 26

LET'S STICK TO MOSES!

When they were preparing to produce the motion picture "The In Ten Commandments," the director and the author of the story consulted a professor who had been recommended as an authority on the Law of Moses. They

expected a scholarly explanation, but health. Decent human love surely when the professor had finished, there excludes the burlesque of love called was little left of the Ten Commandments adultery and the fierce attack which - and no story.

After the interview, when they were unprotected. alone again, the disgusted director remarked: "We'll stick to Moses."

Yes, let's stick to Moses! There may be those who would abolish the Ten Commandments, but let's stick to the Commandments as God gave them to and contented. us through Moses.

And there is no better way of doing so, than by sticking to Jesus Christ, Who gave us the Commandments of love - the love of God and the love of our neighbor. All other Commandments are contained

dignified personal relationship to God. who are our neighbors. If we love the true God, we will give Him FREE-The Ten Commandments are of the week in His company.

self," said the Savior. Who should hold first place among our neighbors, if not our parents ... or our own children?

> And it should be obvious that if we love our neighbor, we will not take his life, or damage his

this lust makes upon the innocent and

We would never steal from the ones we love; nor would we rob them of their good name. Certainly we would not lift a covetous hand to deprive them of the things intended to make their lives full

Let's stick to Moses, whose Commandments forbade human beings to break the bonds and destroy the relationships that preserve human dignity, develop character and guarantee human safety.

Let's stick to Christ, Who, in a more spiritual way, pointed out that if we love rightly and well, we will obey the law "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God..." of God... protect all the relationships The observance of Christ's first Com- that guarantee our own happiness and mandment will establish in us a strong, make life safe and happy for the people

the honor that is His due... we will re-God's design for human living. Are you spectfully use His Holy Name . . . we will familiar with them? Do you understand not think it too much to spend one day how important they are in your daily life? Write today for free pamphlet on this "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy-subject. Ask for Pamphlet No. 12-MM.

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THE MINISTER: Well, at least I've

gone a long way around it.

FRASER: What do we do if Stalin goes to war against Yugoslavia?

THE MINISTER: If this dispute the stale of the stale of

were submitted to the United Nations as a threat to peace, then we would have to follow the same procedure as we would if it were submitted by any other member state. FRASER: You don't think that the

West should take more direct action? THE MINISTER: I don't think so. I think that Yugoslavia is the best judge of what constitutes a threat

Trade With Russia

IRWIN: Do you think we should try to open up trade with countries behind the Iron Curtain?

THE MINISTER: We certainly should welcome any change in the political climate which would make that possible. But as long as there is a bitter and suspicious feeling between the East and the West, you can't expect trade to flourish; nor can you expect us to strengthen economically those Powers who we think are menacing

In the old days this didn't matter so much, because the economic strength of a country in relation to its ability to wage war wasn't nearly so important as it is now. But would you expect us to send nickel to a country which might use that nickel in the form of armament against us? IRWIN: Isn't there considerable dif-

ference between what you have said and the position taken by Great Britain? I've talked with people at the British Foreign Office who said they were very anxious to develop trade through the Iron Curtain.

THE MINISTER: But I am talking about that kind of trade which would immediately increase a country's capacity to wage war. That doesn't mean that one shouldn't That export tea in return for, say, canned

IRWIN: In other words, you feel that we should go after that kind of

THE MINISTER: Well, that is a difficult question for me to answer because if we go after it we may be misunderstood. However, I think it would be unwise to cut off all trade with countries with whom our political relations are not friendly.

Franco

FRASER: Coming back to the question of political relations. Do you think that we ought to give support to Franco Spain?

HE MINISTER: I was afraid you might bring that up. What do you

mean by support?
FRASER: Full support and recogni-

tion.
THE MINISTER: Of course, we recognize the Franco Government as the legitimate government of Spain. We have given Franco that kind of recognition. But we have not appointed a Canadian diplomatic representative to Madrid. We never have had a Canadian diplomatic

representative in Spain.

IRWIN: We haven't supported their attempt to get into the United

Nations

THE MINISTER: No, we haven't. Certainly relations between the two countries, Spain and Canada, cannot be on as friendly a basis as should be while the memory of Franco's relations with the Nazis and the Fascists during the war remains so fresh, and while so many people in Canada feel that this government in

Spain does not derive authority from the Spanish people, and does not admit freedom of speech, religion and assembly.

And yet, having said that, I should add that we have not agreed at the United Nations with certain proposals, some of them made by Communist governments for purely selfish and subversive purpo their own, that action should be taken against the Franco regime; in any event such action probably would only result in rallying the Spanish people more firmly around that regime.

FRASER: You mean we are just paying out rope and hoping he will hang

THE MINISTER: I can't accept that as a statement of Canadian policy.

Asia

IRWIN: What is our policy in Asia? THE MINISTER: The same as that in Europe: to bring about stable relations among the Pacific countries, based on mutual respect and the maximum amount of trade. We should also stand together to resist any threat to peace in that area. That threat can arise out of weak and reactionary governments or, more likely, out of Communism.
FRASER: Stand together with whom,

THE MINISTER: What you are trying to make me say is that we should have a Pacific pact, like the Atlantic

IRWIN: Okay, should we have a

Pacific pact?
THE MINISTER: Well, I'm one of those people who believe in collective security and I can't believe in it for one area without believing in it for another. In a sense we already have a collective security arrangement for the Pacific through the United Nations, but just as the UN arrangement doesn't now operate effectively in the Atlantic, it would not operate in the Pacific

Yet it would be far more difficult at the present time to work out a Pacific pact than it was to conclude the Atlantic one, because of the disturbed political situation in the Far East. You have to have a certain amount of stability in an area before you can work out a collective security pact for that area. We certainly haven't got that in the Far East at the present time.

FRASER: Let's look at China for a moment. When the Communists set government for all China, I we recognize it?

THE MINISTER: I don't think you expect me really to answer that question except by saying that, whether we recognize it or not will be determined by the circumstances at the time recognition is requested.

It is interesting, however, to note some of the tests established by international law before recognition is usually given. You must be certain of the external independence of the new government. You must be certain that it exercises effective control over the territory which it And that territory must be claims. reasonably well defined. government of China or any part of the world is able to convince us that it qualifies under those three headings, then consideration should be given to recognition.

FRASER: At the moment India looks like the most stable democratic government in the Orient. Have we any specific plans for co-operating with India, either political or

economic?
THE MINISTER: We are working

could to a large extent determine its own safety by its own actions.

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ps nd off kThat's not the case now. We're beginning to recognize it and draw the necessary conclusions. The Atlantic Pact is an example of what I mean. That process has to be continued, but it can only go so far while there is this bitter division of the world which exists at present.

the world which exists at present.

Any further stages, as I see it, in giving up national sovereignty will be restricted to groups within the United Nations, not to the United Nations itself, so long as it includes aggressive Communist states.

Stars and Satellites

IRWIN: It is sometimes said that there are only two leviathan Powers left in the world. Would you agree with this, and if that is the case, that what they do, really determines our fate?

THE MINISTER: I would agree with that up to a point, as I agree with most of what you say—up to a point! There are really only two super Powers now in the world; the U. S. S. R. and the U. S. A., and there is undoubtedly a tendency in the world for other states to group themselves around these super Powers. That doesn't mean, however, that those two Powers wholly determine our fate or control our

Surely it would be absurd to say that the United Kingdom and France have no international influence or power. After all they are still great Powers in the world.

Also it is an exaggeration to say, as I have tried to point out earlier, that we have no control over our fate or no influence over the conduct of the policy of one of those leviathans you mention—the U.S. A. We have. United States policy does not operate in a vacuum. It is co-operative, especially with Canada. This country and the United States have developed over the years the habit of consultation and discussion. So have other countries with Washing-

Out of all this comes a sort of collective policy, based not by any means only on the domination and dictates of one Power, even if it is a super Power. Pan-Americanism, for instance, has influence on U. S.

NEXT ISSUE

MYTHS ABOUT HEART DISEASE

by JOHN PFEIFFER

If you've ever had the fear of heart trouble, this reassuring article, exploding some widely held misconceptions, will be "must" reading.

NOV. I MACLEAN'S ON SALE OCT. 26 policy. So has Great Britain and France.

IRWIN: But isn't the hard, cold fact that even the United States can't go it alone and be sure of her security?

THE MINISTER: That's about the first thing I said. Even the United States cannot guarantee its safety solely by its own action.

FRASER: What about the U.S.S.R.? Would you say they are trying to do so, or assuming they could do so? THE MINISTER: No. The U.S.S.R.

is not influenced by its satellite states. It dictates. It doesn't discuss. A very good example of that is to be found in the conduct of the satellites at United Nations meetings. They are not given even the shadow of independence. They are not allowed any freedom of action.

Canada's Role

IRWIN: Canada became a nation by learning to strike a balance between opposing forces. She has had to learn this at home, and so far she has been able to use this skill to safeguard her position in the world. Do you think we can continue to play this historic role of "the man in the middle" in a world dominated by these two leviathans? Or do we have to tumble into the American camp?

THE MINISTER: Well, the man in the middle can, of course, be in an uncomfortable position. It depends on whom he has on either side of him. This middle position, if we apply it to our relations with the United States and the United Kingdom, is a position of some opportunity and some responsibility. Our role of interpreter (that's another way of putting it) between the United States and the United Kingdom is often exaggerated, but we can at times be of real service in this regard.

You see we speak in this country English with an American accent, and we can sometimes say things to London and Washington, without stirring up a hornet's nest, that neither can say to each other. That does give us an opportunity to play at times a useful role in international matters; especially in U. S.-U. K. relations.

However, that doesn't mean that we can play any middle role in the East-West conflict, because we certainly have no standing of any kind with one side there. There is no possibility of us doing much mediating there!

But they do listen to us in Washington and in London. They know there, I think, that we have no axe to grind. We can, for instance, very frankly tell them in Washington or in London when we think they are going too far or not far enough in their leadership of the Western world in the struggle against Communist tyranny and despotism.

That doesn't mean, as I see it, that we have to tumble right into anybody's camp. If we did, then any influence we may now have in Washington or London would very soon disappear. Our influence, in other words, depends to a great extent on our reputation for objective independent judgment, and the frank and friendly expression of it.

frank and friendly expression of it.

IRWIN: In other words, our effectiveness on the international scene depends on our being vigorously Canadian.

THE MINISTER: You bet. Be Canadian, and nobody's camp follower, because a camp follower is very seldom a person who commands either influence or respect.

either influence or respect.

IRWIN: Thank you, Mr. Minister.

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Certainly, however, we should encourage and support the movement

as much as we can.
FRASER: What, exactly, is our commitment under the North Atlantic Pact? Does it bind us to go to war?

THE MINISTER: The most serious commitment under the pact is contained in article 5. Under this we are pledged—let me read it, "to take forthwith, individually and in concert with the other parties such action as is deemed necessary, including the use of armed force, to restore

and maintain the security of the North Atlantic area."

That means, in a word, that in the future we consider an armed attack against any signatory of the North Atlantic Pact as an armed attack against our own territory. But that doesn't mean that we automatically go to war if one of our allies should be attacked. What we have to do is, in company with the other members of the alliance, take promptly the action necessary to restore and maintain the security of the North Atlantic area.

We are the judges of what action will be required by us for that purpose, but in making that decision we have to consult with our allies under the pact. We decide whether the Canadian action which will be necessary will be warlike action, or whether it might be limited to eco-nomic action or something else.

IRWIN: Do you still regard the United Nations as an effective means of securing world order or is it simply a propagandist debating society yelling at the dark?
THE MINISTER: It certainly h

been used as a propagandist debating society and that aspect of its work too often gets the headlines; but this shouldn't obscure the fact that the United Nations in the last two or three years has done some very useful practical things. I'm not thinking about economic and social matters now. I'm thinking of political activities

I think that the intervention of the United Nations in the Kashmir dispute, in Indonesia and in Palestine limited and localized trouble which might otherwise have spread with disastrous results.

FRASER: Is it fair to say, though, that all three of these disputes that you have mentioned were fundamentally disputes among what we would call the nations of good will —that is to say the nations who genuinely accept the United Nations and who have a common basis among

THE MINISTER: That's true. Yet there were other people of ill will trying to muddy the waters in these disputes. They might have been more successful than they were if the United Nations hadn't been there to act as a mediating influence in bringing things out into the open.

All I'm trying to say is that it has real achievements to its credit. It would be ridiculous to dispense with this essential piece of inter-national machinery. What we should do is to try, as I have said so many times, to strengthen it and make it more effective.

At the same time, as realists, have got to admit that the United Nations in present circumstances cannot guarantee anybody's security. It could not prevent war, as I see it, if some big Power were determined to commit an aggression; though it might be of inestimable value in mobilizing force and opinion to defeat that aggression

Now, when you say that, you're not condemning the United Nations,

you are merely stating that the United Nations reflects the division of the world into East and West, and because of that division is unable to carry out its primary purpose of guaranteeing peace.

IRWIN: What should we do about the atomic bomb? Are we depending too heavily on it as a weapon? THE MINISTER: What do you mean

by "we"? Canada hasn't an atomic bomb. We're not making them. The Western world is, no doubt, depending to a great extent in its concept of strategy on the fact that the United States has the atomic bomb, and we don't think anybody else has

I am not a strategist, so whether we are depending too much on the atomic bomb, I don't know.

IRWIN: Do you think we can develop atomic energy properly under military secrecy, as we're trying to do now? Is there any safe alternative?

THE MINISTER: I think it is deplorable that we have to develop atomic energy under conditions of military secrecy, but I see no alter-native as long as it is impossible to bring this new agency of progress and destruction under some form of effective international control.

FRASER: If we had an effective international control, would Canada accept the necessary invasion of na-

tional sovereignty?

THE MINISTER: It would be a major invasion of national sover-eignty, all right, but in my view we would be foolish if we didn't accept it. If we had a system of inter-national control in whose effectiveness we had confidence, then we should—if you want me to use a concrete illustration-then we should submit our plant at Chalk River to that control.

FRASER: Do you think we'd like having a Russian inspector go through Chalk River?

THE MINISTER: He wouldn't be a Russian inspector. He'd be a control inspector of the United Nations. And how would the Russians like Canadian control inspector of the United Nations going through their atomic development plants wherever they may be, if they have any?

RASER: Do you think we'll ever lick the atomic problem until we achieve

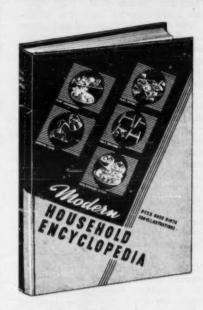
this situation?

THE MINISTER: We'll not lick the atomic problem or any other problem of this kind until there is greater confidence between nations than there is at this time, because without that confidence you won't get the kind of international control I have mentioned. Until you get that kind of international control we have to take the best course we can, and that is to prevent people we don't trust from sharing our knowledge of this new development.

FRASER: What I'm really driving at is this: When you consider atomic control carefully you see that it is such a major invasion of national sovereignty that if you could control the atom you could control arma-ment generally, you could wipe out national sovereignty in its threatening aspects. Do you agree with this?

THE MINISTER: Well, I agree that before we can have any assurance of peace in the world, we will have to give up, all of us, certain aspects of national sovereignty. The world is too small and the possibility of its destruction is too great for us to find security and comfort in old, worn-out 18th century concepts of national sovereignty. Those concepts are based on the fact that a country

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When the night war came to the river, signals from the two torpedoed ships were picked up by the Canadian Marconi Company's wireless station VCF at Father Point. The telegraphist who was on duty at the time, J. P. DesRosiers, is still stationed there, as he has been ever since 1919. A gentle, greying man with a benevolent voice, he well remembers how Nicoya's signal (a string of S's followed by her call letters and her position) came crashing hoarsely through the normal teedlings and beepings of the loudspeakers in the radio room.

Now in 1949 it surprised him that he was not surprised—at first. His standing orders, drawn up against precisely this emergency, were that he was first to forward the distress signal by telegram to naval headquarters in Ottawa marked for absolute priority. Immediately after that he was to pass the signal by phone to the naval station at Rimouski. He did these things automatically, he says; and it wasn't until about five minutes later that he suddenly realized what they meant.

Here was a ship, torpedoed by a German U-boat and sinking fast in the river he knew so well, practically—or so it seemed then—at his doorstep. When the second distress signal came, from Leto less than three hours later, DesRosiers again went through the emergency routine, and again it took him a moment or two to grasp the full significance. When he did grasp it, he says, his thoughts were bien lugubre gloomy and dopressing indeed.

—gloomy and depressing indeed.

As he worked the familiar brass sending key (VCF's stream of ordinary wartime messages had to go on) he had a heavy heart. What, he wondered, would people say if they knew what he knew—a secret he kept faithfully from everyone until the survivors of Leto were landed and told their stories to the shocked and horrified villagers of Father Point. This, DesRosiers thought sadly, might well be only the beginning. Such signals, as like as not, would come night after night to the windswept masts of VCF and ship after ship would sink in the familiar waters of the river.

Torpedoes in the Night

But for the next three weeks it seems that such dire forebodings were not justified. After U-553 had radioed its report of the sinkings to the German Admiralty it kept unbroken radio silence until it left the Gulf (it was well clear by May 22), and headed for home. There was no further enemy submarine activity in the Gulf or the St. Lawrence proper during the rest of May and the whole month of June. Then, some time during the first few

Then, some time during the first few days of July, another U-boat, whose number is not known, entered the St. Lawrence and on July 6 torpedoed three ships, the British Dinaric, the Belgian Hainaut, and the Greek Anastassios Pateras. All three were in convoy. (By the time this second U-boat reached the river convoys had been running for some weeks. They had been started according to plans the Navy had made the previous March, but had been put into effect only after U-553 struck, because of the critical shortage of escort ships.)

This particular convoy, a couple of hours before the dawn of July 6, was about 10 or 15 miles from the little village of Cap Chat on the south shore. The shattering blasts of the torpedoes were so loud they voke most of the villagers and to this cay there are some people who insist the explosions made their houses shake.

The men on the bridge of the Dinaric, the first ship hit, had sighted the submarine which was partly surfaced. But they didn't recognize it as a U-boat and the ship took no avoiding action. A few minutes afterward the torpedo struck, and it was too late. She heeled heavily over on her side almost at once and the Captain ordered her to be abandoned.

All Dinaric's crew, except four men who had been instantly killed in the engine room, got away in the boats. They were later picked up by HMCS Drummondville, one of the escort ships.

Forty survivors from Hainaut, which had had one man killed, and 26 from Anastassios Pateras, which had lost three firemen in her smashed boiler room, also took to the boats. They, however, were not picked up and had to row to the shore. It would have been a weary haul at the best of times because of the strong St. Lawrence currents. To men half-stunned with shock and deafened by the sudden appalling thunderclaps of the torpedoing, it was the endless labor of galley slaves chained to their oars.

The crew of Anastassios Pateras had barely time to pull clear of the ship when she sank with a sudden rush, as though an enormous hand had reached up from the bottom of the river and pulled her down. They rowed around for about half an hour (they were all in one boat) near the place where she and the other two ships had been sunk. Once their boat was almost cut in half by a ship which was lumbering desperately through the dark at top speed to escape being torpedoed itself.

Dry Socks for Wet Sailors

It took them almost four hours to reach the shore near Cap Chat. They found the villagers there to greet them with open arms and take them to various homes where they were fed and given dry clothes.

This merciful work seemed to the captain of the Greek ship to come spontaneously from the warm hearts of the inhabitants, and so up to a point it did. But it was also directed by the president of the local Red Cross, Romuald Roy, a smallish and rather deaf man with quick dark eyes, who remembers it now as a time of great but well-meaning confusion.

Roy also remembers that when the Anastassios Pateras' boat reached shore the first men out threw themselves down on their knees and scooped up handfuls of sand which they kissed passionately while uttering incomprehensible cries of Greek delight.

Fortunately for those of the sailors who spoke neither English nor French it happened that Albert Ajmo, a Turkish-Canadian fur dealer from Quebec, was in Cap Chat on business and had gone with Roy and other men to see what he could do to help. So he acted as interpreter, having learned Greek in Istanbul.

Greek in Istanbul.

What principally stays in Ajmo's mind now from that morning seven years ago was the sight of the lifeboat coming in with the sunrise behind it. It looked, he says, thin and flat like something cut with scissors from a piece of black paper. He also remembers, with an admiration that makes his swarthy face light up even now, what fine work was done that morning by the manager of the Cap Chat branch of the Bank of Montreal, Fernando Houle.

Not long after the Greek lifeboat reached shore the 40 survivors from Hainaut and 20-odd men from Dinaric were landed by HMCS Drummondville at the village jetty. The good people of Cap Chat had now almost 100 survivors to care for. It was compara-





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The Battle of the St. Lawrence

Continued from page 7

side of the port that a German submarine had tied up at the jetty in broad daylight and her commander had walked up to the general store, as bold as brass, and bought a couple of cases of canned fruit for his crew.

This was fiction. But the truth about the war in the St. Lawrence was grim enough. About the middle of April, 1942, the German submarine U-553 left her base at St. Nazaire, in occupied France. What happened to her then has been learned from German naval documents since the war ended, and it is a story of tragic importance to Canadians.

U-553, after crossing the Atlantic and going as far as Boston, found the new coastal convoys out of that port were too efficient to make hunting profitable. Her captain, Lieutenant-Commander Thurmann, turned north, and on the night of May 9, 1942, he slid like a shark into the Gulf of the St. Lawrence.

By the next day he had reached the western end of the island of Anticosti, only 35 miles from the mainland of the Gaspé Peninsula. U-553 spent the night on the surface with her hatches open to the soft spring air; so close to the village of Port Menier that her crew, sprawled comfortably on deck, could see the lighted house windows. Thurmann through his binoculars could see the dark shapes of people walking on the village i reet.

on the village : reet.

Thurmann dived at dawn on the 11th and lay on the bottom in about 100 feet of water all day. At dark he surfaced again and headed westward into the river toward the Gaspé coast at a speed of nine knots (that is, about 10 land miles an hour).

The Second Hit Amidships

Just before midnight the U-boat captain sighted a merchant ship lumbering through the water, heading straight for him. It was the 5,000-ton British steamer Nicoya, with a crew of 76 and 10 passengers—a mother and her baby, and eight seamen from a ship which had been sunk in the Caribbean.

When Thurmann sighted Nicoya (the moonlight was so bright he could even see the streaks of rust on her elderly side) he dived and waited. Twenty-four minutes later she had come, unsuspecting, into point-blank range. Thurmann fired a torpedo which hit her near the bow. The blast smashed two of her lifeboats and tore a great hole below the water line, and she began to sink at once.

When he saw this through the periscope Thurmann brought U-553 to the surface. Then, at his leisure, he fired a second torpedo. It hit her squarely amidships. Nine minutes later Nicoya went to the bottom, the first ship sunk by enemy action in Canadian inland waters since the war of 1812.

Seventy of Nicoya's men and the 10 passengers took to the boats and made for the Gaspé coast, about 12 miles away. Six of the crew, the third engineer, the bos'n, the carpenter, a deck boy, a fireman, and one of the soldiers she carried as a gun crew, went over the side in a raft and were never seen again.

The boats couldn't keep together during the night and came ashore at various places. (The mother and the baby, alone in one of them, were mercifully carried in by the current.)

The people in the little villages near which the boats landed, notably Chloridorme and St. Yvon, took the 80 survivors into their homes and gave them hot drinks and what clothes they needed (most of the survivors were only half dressed). The next day cars and ambulances came from Gaspé and brought the well and the wounded back to town where there was a hospital and plenty of lodging in the tourist hotels.

Out in the river, meanwhile, U-553 had turned to the northwest, moving on the surface at about eight knots. At 2.40 in the morning of May 12, a little over 20 miles from the spot where Nicoya had gone down, Thurmann sighted another merchant ship. This time he didn't bother to dive. The coast of the Gaspé Peninsula is high and hilly in those parts and he was able to creep up unseen by keeping between the ship and the shore so that he was cloaked in the dark loom of the land.

The ship was the Dutch cargo steamer Leto, about the same size and appearance as Nicoya. She made a fine target. The Northern Lights were particularly bright that night and Leto stood out sharply against their pale, shifting curtain in the sky. Thurmann fired at close range and one torpedo did the work.

The Signals of Disaster

Twelve of Leto's men were killed instantly, and the ship sank in six minutes. The survivors were picked up from their boats a little while later by a British merchant ship which escaped attack because U-553, as soon as Leto went down, turned around and headed out of the St Lawrence for the ocean and home.

The rescue ship took Leto's survivors to Father Point, 135 miles up the river toward the City of Quebec. Here they were transferred to the pilot boat Citadelle, and brought to the jetty—the same jetty that Dr. Crippen the wife-murderer and his girl friend Ethel LeNeve had been brought to in July 1910 when they were taken from a liner in the river as the first criminals ever to be tracked and caught by wireless telegraphy.

The villagers of Father Point were wonderfully kind, as all the villagers of the St. Lawrence shore were to be right to the end of the U-boat sinkings; but their warm-hearted welcome came too late for one of Leto's survivors. Arsene Michaud, a thin, wiry old man, then an undertaker in nearby Rimouski and now retired, well remembers being telephoned from Father Point that morning of May 13 to come and get the body of Willem Koning, who had died aboard the rescue ship on his way to safety.

Koning, who had been an engineer officer of a torpedoed Dutch tanker, was in Leto as a passenger on his way to serve in another tanker. He had been asleep in his cabin near the engine room when U-553's torpedo struck (Michaud remembers that the body was "all blackened, as if it had been burned," but that there were no actual wounds).

A fading page in Michaud's account book shows that he charged \$50 for the coffin and for burying Koning. Among the Michaud souvenirs is a snapshot taken by the graveside in the little cemetery at Father Point. It shows Leto's master, Captain Egbert Hendrik Vanderveen, in a surprisingly neat and fresh uniform, looking with strained calm at the dead face of his passenger just before the coffin lid went down.

On the grave now, seven years afterward, there are flowers and a plain tombstone, which says in Dutch that Willem Koning, born 3 September 1909, died in the service of his fatherland May 12, 1942. The 19th victim



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ars to quan-ilway equipment, etc., to the Orient and receive nothing in return. These unrequited exports are a heavy item in the impossible burden that the British are

trying, with American help, to carry. Some Americans, and Canadians too, went into the Washington talks with the idea that this aid to India was simply another extravagance that Britain could no longer afford. These people learned a lot that they hadn't known, and the conference ended with a realization that the debt to the East was of common concern. "It was agreed," said the official communique, "that this was one of the agreed. "that this was one of the questions which concerned other countries and which would require further study."

That was as far as anybody went in public. Privately, it was suggested that the United States might find it easier to relieve the British burden indirectly, through aid to India and Pakistan, than by any direct increase of Marshall Plan help. of Marshall Plan help.

The great new factor in this equation

is the collapse of China. All parties and factions in the United States Congress are calling on the Truman Administration for a policy in Asia. All Administration for a policy in Asia. All are demanding an explanation of the Chiang Kai-shek catastrophe and a plain statement of what the United States proposes to do now.

Aid to India could be presented, quite truthfully, as a new offensive in the cold war across the Pacific. The amount of India's annual drawings on her statistics belongs in far amallest than

amount of India's annual drawings on her sterling balance is far smaller than what the United States threw away, in each of the past several years, on the bankrupt Chiang Government. With no new demands on the American taxpayer, India's economy could be shored up and her defenses secured by simply applying some of the millions heretofore wasted in China. And incidentally, every dollar of aid to India would take a dollar's worth of pressure off the earning power of Britain.

To many an individual Briton, this

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Reckless roadhog, as I spring Kangaroo-like from your path

My obstinate resolve to cling

To life has once more roused your wrath.

No doubt you thought this was your day,

While I'm unsportsmanlike and shoddy

Enough to cheat you of your

But I still prize this poor old body.

However lame you deem my reason.

I now declare me out of season.

-P. J. Blackwell.

solution would be highly distasteful. Exports to India may be a headache to the Government and a lethal drain on the British economy but to the British manufacturer they represent simply a fat easy market. If he had suddenly to compete with American heavy goods in the Indian market, the British manufacturer wouldn't enjoy it.

However, Canadians at Washington got the impression that the British Labor Government would be quite prepared to expose its own producers

to this jolt.

On the American side, officials were keenly aware that there would be trouble selling Congress on a program of aid to India. At the moment, Congress is developing a rather sour view of sid to foreign actions in several. view of aid to foreign nations in general and Britain in particular. But the trans-Pacific approach is new and dif-ferent. It takes the issue out of the whole context of Marshall Aid, and provides instead a possible alternative to American policy in Asia. As such they thought it might be acceptable'

Sterling devaluation was the big news of the Washington conference, but Britain scored two other important gains. Canada cheered one and deplored the other.

The pleasant one was the American undertaking to reform its customs procedure. Unless an item conforms precisely, to the last detail, with its definition in the American tariff, it is liable to be reclassified into a much liable to be reclassified into a much higher tariff bracket. Canadian tires during the war, when they began to be made with synthetic rubber, ceased to be tires for U. S. customs purposes—they were admitted as "carbon black." Truck tires, on the other hand, used a little rayon in their fabric, so they were classified as "rayon" and drew an even higher tariff.

British goods have been running into the same trouble. If a rug is found to have a fringe, it is no longer a rug—for customs purposes it becomes "lace." A shipment of white shirts had a square label sewn on for the laundry mark; it was classified as "embroidered"

mark; it was classified as "embroidered shirts" and a higher rate of duty was levied.

The conference communique reported that "the United States, through administrative action and proposed legis-lation, was already contemplating constructive steps in this field." Britain's less desirable triumph, from

the Canadian point of view, was a tentative permission to discriminate against the dollar area in favor of "soft currency" countries. When the British persuaded the Americans to accept it, there wasn't much point in Canada holding out alone.

In the communique, the concession as clothed in a neat piece of doubletalk. U. S. and Canadian delegates were reported as sympathetic to U. K. proposals for "liberalizing" trade with soft currency markets with which it had no balance-of-payments problem.
The catch was that this "liberalizing" involves the erection of a picket fence around the sterling area, a kind of revival of imperial preference with a number of non-Empire countries included in, but with Canada included out.

It could mean, in the long run, a loss of Canada's overseas markets. loss of Canada's overseas markets. Canada could recover them only by resorting to discrimination herself—against the United States and in favor of the sterling countries. If Canadian tariffs were rigged the right way, Canadians could be forced to buy enough British goods to balance our trade with the sterling area. Thus Canada could solve her dollar problem at the expense of her standard of at the expense of her standard of

The BLACK HORSE "Do You Know" Advisory Panel





OUIS BOURDON RICHARD PENNINGTON University Librarian, McGill University LOUIS BOURDON



GREGORY CLARK



why wild geese fly in a V-shaped formation?



It is commonly believed that when wild geese or ducks fly in a V-shaped formation it is because this wedge reduces the wind resistance, with the front bird serving to break the wind for the entire flight of birds. This, however, is not the reason for their V-formation.

Do You Know . . . that, actually, a certain amount of wind helps sustain the flight of

Do You Know . . . that the V-shaped formation is used because it does allow each bird to advance against the wind current . . . because it allows each bird to avoid the wake of the bird ahead . . . because it offers the convenience of easily seeing the leader no matter at what angle the birds fly?

Do You Know . . . that occasionally, when a strong side wind is present, the birds do fly in a single straight line?



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tively easy that first morning to get food and drink together for them; finding enough dry clothes was another matter.

The population of Cap Chat was under 1,000; and the spare trousers and sweaters and jackets hanging in cupboards and stowed away in chests were soon gone. Roy remembers that the Greek captain telephoned his consulate at Montreal, urging the consul to get in touch with the Red Cross authorities there and have bundles of clothing rushed to Cap Chat.

Roy didn't hesitate. If not enough clothes could be found in the private houses of the village, he said, new ones were to be taken from the stocks of local storekeepers. And these he was prepared to pay for out of his own

pocket if necessary. Roy, his wife and daughter Carmen, are too modest to say much about what they did personally for the survivors. But Madame has kept a letter which was sent to her by George Jenkins, who

noted under his signature that he was Mess Room Steward of the late SS

"Of all the Places and people I have met," George wrote, "you three French Canadians will always be first Place in my mind. I will say you were wonderful."

After the torpedoings of July 6 there were no further submarine attacks for a week. Then, at noon on July 12, the British ship Frederika Lensen was torpedoed in the river about five miles north of Cape Magdalen just at the point where the Gaspé Peninsula begins to curve south like a great crooked

Frederika Lensen was hit on her port side and badly holed. Her master, Captain B. E. Russell, immediately sent away 11 men in a seaboat under his chief officer. After Russell had had a quick look to see what damage had been done he ordered the rest of the crew (four men had been killed by the explosion) to abandon ship in a second sea boat, which he himself took

When he had waited for a few minutes at a safe distance astern of his stricken ship, Russell decided to return and make a further examination. He found the engine room and boiler room

found the engine room and boiler room completely wrecked, but very little water in number three hold.

He began to think it might be possible to save her and asked the commanding officer of HMCS Weyburn, one of the escort ships, to tow him to land. This Weyburn's commander agreed to do agreed to do.

Lines were made fast and the tow began at about 3 o'clock in the after-noon of the torpedoing. By 11 o'clock that night Frederika Lensen had been brought to anchor at Grande Vallée, a little bay about five miles down the coast. Unfortunately the good seamanship of both the captains was wasted. On July 20 official surveyors, who had been sent to Grande Vallée to see what were the chances of salvage, wrote the ship off as a total loss.

After the Lull Came-

From then until the end of August there were no more torpedoings in the Lawrence or its approaches. looked almost as though the U-boats had gone away to stay.

had gone away to stay.

The men of the escort ships began to relax a little. Day ter day, mile after mile, the squat grey merchant ships steamed peacefully up and down the river in the columns of their untroubled convoys. The lull lasted only a little more than a month.

On August 27, 1942, U-517 (Lieutenent Commander, Paul Hartwig, in

tenant-Commander Paul Hartwig in command) entered the Strait of Belle Isle. Before he headed out to sea again at the end of September Hartwig had sunk 11 ships, totaling 31,101 tons, and taken 286 lives.

What the other enemy submarines had done was a mere rehearsal. With the arrival of U-517 the curtain was to rise on the really desperate scenes of the

[In the second and concluding installment Jack Mc Naught tells the gripping story of how U-517 lurked for a month in the river, sank 11 ships and escaped scot-free.

★

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 14

were given to understand, about midsummer, that some constitutional mat-ters were getting a lot of attention. We were told the Government wanted to clear the way for an amendment to make possible a national old-age pension; also, Mr. St. Laurent wanted pension; also, Mr. St. Laurent wanted to clear up once and for all the recurrent lie that he "favored" the federal Government's right to abolish the rights of the French language. It was hinted that when these partial steps were proposed to the provinces a con-ference might be suggested to go into the whole question of amending the constitution.

It was taken for granted that such a conference would talk, talk, talk and probably never do anything. What we didn't know was the Government's intention to take the initiative, ask for the right to make amendments in its own field, and thus slam the ball over to

the provincial side of the net.
"I admit it'll be a bit anomalous, having a constitution that's half amendable at home and half abroad," one Cabinet Minister said. "But it's perfectly legal, it will work if necessary—and it puts the provinces right under the gun. They can't just sit on their backsides and talk forever; they've got to do something to clear up their side of the problem." It is no surprise to find the Rt. Hon. James G. Gardiner looking fit as a fiddle in Parliament, despite a recent operation.

Mr. Gardiner fell suddenly ill on his farm near Lemberg, Sask., far from med-ical aid. It looked like an emergency. So the arch-Liberal Jimmy was flown to Regina Hospital in one of the CCF Government's ambulance planes.

Having survived that shock to his nervous system, Mr. Gardiner apparently found the operation a anticlimax.

Prime Minister Nehru's visit to Washington and Ottawa, scheduled for this month, may have a lot to do with the solution of the dollar-sterling im-passe, although it was planned long before last month's dollar conference in Washington.

A major topic at the Washington conference was the British obligation to India, Pakistan and other eastern or near-eastern countries. It's not war debt in the ordinary sense, for the money was not lent. It was earned during the war, and deposited to these countries' credit in the Bank of England. These sterling balances now amount to nearly \$14 billions; they are being drawn upon for large annual exports of capital goods.

Thus every year for many years to come, Britain must send great quantities of industrial machinery, railway

tities of industrial machinery, railway

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to buy recreational equipment for its 17 branches. In rush periods the staff may number as many as seven, with ex-service amps preferred. But sometimes civilians are taken on. One of them is Gladys Sills, the 16-year-old



Amps find keys for 1,300,000. (See Ontario.)

girl in the picture, who lost a hand in a farm accident and attends collegiate during the school year.

The chimes of Empire rang with a cracked note when a group of British schoolboys who'd just toured Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, London and Niagara Falls aired their views on their Canadian counterparts as they sailed from Montreal. Here's what a few of them said:

Geoffrey Goodwin, 17, England: "Some of the girls are beautiful but I must say the boys are a proper silly lot."

lot."
Clifford Collings, 16, England: "The girls are a bit of all right but—gosh—they don't know how to dance."
Mike Wiggans, 16, England: "Dancing? Why, with them it's only an excuse to get their arms around each other and do a bit of necking. I find them absolutely sloppy."

other and do a bit of necking. I find them absolutely sloppy."

John Bogie, 15, Scotland: "I don't understand them."

Gerry Burns, 16, Ireland: "I find the girls absolutely terrific. You see, Canadians understand my accent better than they do these English lads."

Glyn John, 17, Wales: "They're a bit startling, I think."

THE MARITIMES

The blueberry, which thrives where other crops fail, is bringing new pros-perity to the scores of abandoned farms in Charlotte County in the southwest corner of New Brunswick. This year's corner of New Brunswick. This year's harvest of three million pounds, up 50% from last year's, poured \$300,000 into the pockets of Charlotte County pickers. The county's blueberry crops were more valuable than the whole N. B. apple harvest.

Most of the blue gold came off farms which had been cleared by the first

Most of the blue gold came off farms which had been cleared by the first settlers at back-breaking cost then deserted when the thin topsoil wore out. But blueberry growing is not hit-or-miss in Charlotte. The fields are kept free of growth other than blueberries; are burned over every two years because the berries grow best after a fire; are sprayed to control insects. Occasionally they are treated with chemical fertilizer. Honey bees are imported to pollinate the blossoms. are imported to pollinate the blossoms.

Yields range from 2,700 to 4,500 pounds

Cole Bridges, of Calais, Maine, who has made a fortune as the world's biggest blueberry farmer, is responsible for the boom in Charlotte. For 25 years he has been buying up deserted farms in the county and turning them to berries. Charlotte County farm-ers watched his results, followed his

The berries are all trucked to the United States to be canned or frozen for the bakery trade.

The first canal proposed in North America was one across the Isthmus of Chignecto, the narrow neck of land which joins Nova Scotia to New Brunswick and separates the Bay of Fundy from the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

A Jesuit priest urged the project on the King of France in the Little Project on the King of France in the Little Project on the King of France in the Little Project on the King of France in the Little Project on the King of France in the Little Project on the King of France in the Little Project on the King of France in the Little Project on the King of France in the Little Project on the Li

the King of France in the 17th century. A canal was agreed on at the time of Confederation and tenders were actually called for by the first Dominion administration. Today Maritimers think it's about time they finally got

think it's about time they maily got a Chignecto canal.

The early French priest pointed out that such a canal would shorten the sailing distance from the Bay of Fundy French colony to the Quebec colony by 500 miles. That same saving—and the unfulfilled commitment at time of confederation—are the two things on confederation—are the two things on which the Maritimers will base an appeal to Ottawa this fall. The canal, say its backers, should open markets in Quebec and Ontario for gypsum, granite and limestone from the Bay of Fundy country; and provide a cheap short cut to New England markets for fish, lumber, pulp, paper and farm produce from northern New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, P. E. I. and Newfoundland. Spokesmen say there'll be no letup in the clamor for a canal this time until Chignecto is breached.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Last month, off the harbors and coves around Newfoundland, thoucoves around Newfoundland, thousands of fishermen put out to sea a little way, tied their boats together in a solid mass, and spent the day gossiping, arguing about politics, singing lively chanties or even wrestling in the small confines of a dory. They also caught squid, the rudest fish in the ocean

For these were the days on the squid jiggin' grounds, when these small but ugly members of the cuttlefish family caught and stored for bait in the

fall fishing season.

The squid is a mass of tentacles surrounding a bulbous head attached to a torpedolike body. When you annoy him he shoots out a jet of sea water mixed with a brownish-black substance. This drives him out of danger and at the same time lays down a smokescreen.

a smokescreen.

To catch him, you drop overside a jigger, a lump of lead with prongs around one end. When a school of squid approach a waiting fleet of jiggers, the lines begin to twitch and the cry of "squid-o" goes up. Gossip and horseplay are forgotten and soon the air is full of flying squid and squid squirt. A roar of laughter goes up as a youngster on his first trip to the a youngster on his first trip to the jiggin' grounds opens his mouth to say something and gets it full of squid squirt. There's another laugh when an American tourist, out for the fun, tries to pull a squid off a jigger and gets bitten. Meanwhile every man is pulling his lines as fast as he can.

Then the school passes, and the men

settle down for another chaw, another gossip and the next run.



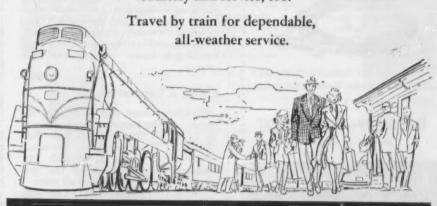
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CANADIAN NATIONAL



BRITISH COLUMBIA

THE LIGHTS shone brightly on the stage of Trimble Park, in Vancouver. The drawing of the West Point Grey Community Association had reached its climax and a shiny new \$2,300 car stood by, waiting to be taken by the lucky winner.

Miss Vancouver, Marjorie Hilde-

Miss Vancouver, Marjorie Hildebrand, drew the winning numbers from the barrel. The master of ceremonies announced that Richard F. Gade had



Gade and prize car, Cops stole the show. (See British Columbia.)

the ticket that won the car. Then there was a disturbance. Detectives climbed on the stage. They seized unsold "admission tickets." They told the officials of the Community Association that they were conducting a lottery. And they towed Richard Gade's shiny new car off to the police garage.

Gade, an English photographer and Eighth Army veteran who had been in Canada just 18 months, was baffled. He knew of the campaign by Vancouver police to halt the drawings which the city's 15 community associations use to raise funds. "But," he said, "it seems rather odd to me to let the crime, if you can call it a crime, be committed and then come down on it afterward." Community Association officials claimed they had police permission to conduct the draw.

Police preferred lottery charges against four officials of the association. Among the witnesses they summoned was Gade. "I suppose I will be helping in my own 'execution,'" he commented. But, for him, it all had a happy ending. Almost a month later the case was thrown out by Magistrate Matheson. Gade hustled to the police garage, shined up his car, and drove off

THE PRAIRIES

While B. C. police are cracking down on lotteries, they're running wide open just across the Rockies. A survey indicates that between 40 and 60 are going on at any given time in Alberta. Eight automobiles are being raffled off at one time on the streets of Edmonton. Professional promoters are active, staging raffles for service clubs, charities for a minimum guaranteed profit.

The lotteries are made legal by making them contests of "skill." Ticket buyers have to fill in the last line of a limerick or answer some absurdly simple question.

Attorney-General Lucien Maynard said the province would consider legislation to halt the lotteries if the Dominion did not act. Meanwhile, he said, "I am fed up with people coming to me complaining against the operation of lotteries when in some instances their names are connected with lotteries."

Which is the oil capital of Canada? To outsiders it may not matter, but to the more ardent Calgarians and Edmontonians it's a burning issue.

Edmontonians it's a burning issue. Says Calgary: We are. The head offices of the majority of oil companies in Alberta are here.

in Alberta are here.
Says Edmonton: We are. Look at
Leduc, Redwater and the other fields
right at our door.

The Edmonton Chamber of Commerce thought it had the clincher to Calgary's argument. "There are several score of American companies operating in the Edmonton oil fields," a spokesman said. "If they established their head offices in Peoria, Ill., would that make Peoria the oil capital of Canada?"

It was the spring of 1940. John Wolpe, a handsome, rugged, 22-year-old six-footer was a clerk in an Ostend shipping office when the Nazis marched into Belgium. Berlin-born Wolpe greeted the invaders with no flags or banners. Instead, he went underground. For John Wolpe was a Jew. In the spring of 1949, the University

of Manitoba graduated John Wolpe with honors. This winter he will be at Harvard on a scholarship, seeking a Ph.D. in Romance languages. Between the shipping office and the halls of Harvard, John Wolpe has crammed enough excitement for several lifetimes. And John Wolpe, fugitive, has become John Wolpe, Canadian Army veteran. When Wolpe went into hiding, he fled, not away from the Germans but toward them. He pretended he was a Flemish laborer, registered to work in Bellin, then gave the Nazis the slin.

When Wolpe went into hiding, he fled, not away from the Germans but toward them. He pretended he was a Flemish laborer, registered to work in Berlin, then gave the Nazis the slip and went to Bremen. Heiling Hitler loudly, he got a job as a longshoreman. His lunchtime hobby was sprinkling sand in the axle boxes of freight cars. When the police began to question

When the police began to question him, for he had no work pass, he fled again, this time to France. He signed on to work for the Germans in Bordeaux, then went to Calais, to get nearer to England, and possible escape. He bluffed his way into the closely guarded channel port and into a job building pillboxes.

Two and a half years later, the war came to Calais. The town was surrounded by the Allies and a truce was arranged to remove civilians. Wolpe slipped across the lines and was hauled before Major J. T. Carvell of the Royal Winnipeg Rifles as a suspicious character. He offered to tell the location of every pillbox in Calais. He also offered to help kill some Nazis. The

Wolpe story then began a new and even

more thrilling chapter.

After questioning Wolpe closely the Winnipegs put him in a Canadian uniform, and sent him with a platoon into the town when the truce ended. The platoon was suspicious of this Teutonic-looking stranger but Wolpe, Sten in trembling hand, talked the 12 defenders of the first pillbox into surrendering. Then, single-handed, he rounded up another 56 prisoners. After that, D Company accepted him as one of its own.

Wolpe fought with the Winnipegs through France, Belgium and into Holland. He wore a Canadian uniform and drew rations but got no pay. He fought the Nazis with the fanaticism of an idealist. Said Lieut.-Col. L. R. Fulton, D.S.O., "As a soldier, Wolpe was worth a platoon of ordinary men."

was worth a platoon of ordinary men."
In April, 1945, Wolpe was hit at Deventer, Holland. Machine-gun bullets cut into his right thigh, and he still walks with a limp. He was hospitalized in England, and while in bed was formally accepted into the Canadian Army in September, 1945.

The next February he was brought to Winnipeg through the efforts of the General Monash branch of the Canadian Legion in that city. He entered the summer term at the University of Manitoba that year and proved a serious, argumentative but keen student. He paid his way with D.V.A. grants and summer jobs in the CNR yards.



Wolpe fooled the Nazis, won a country. (See Prairies.)

Wolpe is still uncertain about his future. He doesn't know what happened to his family. His father and mother were captured by the Germans and his brother went into hiding when he did.

ONTARIO

Why don't schools have their own criminal codes, defining the various kinds of student wrongdoing and assigning the proper punishment to fit each crime? This was the proposal of Magistrate J. A. Hannrahan, of Windsor, when the principal of a public school came before him charged with assault for slapping a 14-year-old girl. The principal was acquitted.

The magistrate thought that it would help teachers if it were set out in black and white when and how they could lay on the rod. Dr. J. G. Althouse, chief director of the Ontario Department of Education, disagreed. Teachers, he said, had the right to punish wrongdoers in a manner "similar to a wise and judicious parent." That, he thought, was all the authority they needed.

Five years ago, seven Hamilton school children died in traffic accidents. Up to the beginning of the fall term this year, there had not been one death and there had been a 75% reduction in accidents involving school-age children.

and there had been a 75% reduction in accidents involving school-age children. Credit for this record goes in large part to the Hamilton Police Safety Club, with a membership of 32,000 from the city's 52 primary schools. The club was founded by Inspector F. E. Eddenden of the traffic squad in 1944.

Every school day of the year a preschool radio talk on safety goes into Hamilton homes. Every Saturday night of the term the club is on the air with a safety talk, a radio playlet or a traffic quiz contest. There are safety essay contests, poster contests and competitions between schools. The club draws about 60,000 letters a year on safety subjects from its young members.

An official of an Ontario city made a disturbing discovery. He'd lost his key case. It contained his car key, several other assorted keys—and the key of the jail.

He chewed his nails, but not for long. Someone found the keys, noticed that to them was attached the miniature of an automobile license plate. On the back of the plate it said: "Please mail to Key Tag Service, War Amputations of Canada, 4 Grange Road, Toronto." The finder dropped the keys in the mailbox, the Amps got them, checked the license number on the tag against the motor list prepared by the provincial highway department and shot the precious keys off to their rightful owner by registered mail.

In two rooms at 4 Grange Road two amputees (one from each war) and a French-Canadian stenographer provide lost key service for 1,300,000 Canadian car owners for an annual fee of 25 cents.

More than 100 sets of lost keys are returned to their owners each month. They are posted from all over Canada and frequently from the United States, where the American Amps run a similar organization. Many key finders write in, asking for the service.

The key service now serves all provinces except British Columbia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland and P. E. I. P. E. I. is coming in next year. Early in the year the provinces issue a list of plates issued with names and addresses of the owners. The Amps have the same plates made in miniature and mail them to the owners. If the owner wants the service he keeps the tag and mails back a quarter.

Viscount Alexander and members of his family hold tags. So do the premiers of five provinces. So also does a doctor in Switzerland, who heard of the service and wrote in with his fee and license number.

Alfred Bishop, an amp of World War I, manages the Key Tag Service. The profits are used to support the association's national headquarters and to the front seat for close observance in less than three weeks.—Mrs. Charlotte Ferguson, R.N., Toronto.

Women Shirkers

Cheers for Agnes Macphail. In "Men Want to Hog Everything" (Sept. 15) she shows the right spirit. Still, woman shirks her duty as a voter; she has herself to blame for a part of what's amiss. With women in parliament 50-50 we would have something like true democracy, and probably the end of war. Now ladies!—J. F. Kirkham, Toronto.

• There is an error in my article—I was in the House of Commons 19 years, not 14. The many who know how long I was there will think my mind is slipping.—Agnes Macphail, Toronto.

The Noisy Aurora

The article "How They Solved the Northern Lights Mystery" by Lister Sinclair (Sept. 1) was read with great interest by me. I have witnessed the display of lights many winters and have



heard the sounds made by them during the display and have heard the same sounds when they could not be seen because of clouds.

Why do writers of articles such as this feel they must be sceptical when non-"scientific" people tell of their seeing or, as in this case, of their hearing? . . Most often the sound can be likened to the rustling of good silk, occasionally "crackling."—Wm. E. Laird, Portage la Prairie, Man.

To this and many other letters claiming that the Northern Lights can be heard, author Sinclair replies that (a) he did not say they kad never been heard; only that there's no scientific evidence on the subject, and (b) a proper scientific observation would measure the pitch, intensity, duration and direction of the supposed sound. Norwegian scientists have taken thousands of observations of the aurora, he says, but have no data on their sound.

Chicago's Bigger

In your Edmonton article (July 15) you say the area of Edmonton, 41.8 square miles, "makes it bigger than Chicago." In the World Almanac the land and water area of Chicago is given as 211.3 square miles.—G. B. York, Waterford, Ont.

(The Chicago Association of Commerce and Industry claims even more. It gives the city's area as 212.9 square miles, somewhat bigger than Edmonton, which is doing its best to catch up.—The Editors.)

"We've Been Taken"

I do not doubt Sid Margolius' conclusions. But there is one little word in there that is the kingpin of the whole setup, bread. In the years 1945-46-47-48 we have produced and sold to the Wheat Board 54,651 bushels of wheat for \$1.75 a bushel basis No. 1 Northern at Lakehead. I claim that we have

been taken for at least \$1 on every bush: This amount was taken from us by force, we were not allowed any choice whatever about marketing our wheat.

Margolius found that bread cost one cent per ounce in the U. S. but cost only one half cent per ounce in Canada, just a small matter of 100%. Rule Britannia cost us \$54,651 in the four years. I have been under the impression that Maclean's is opposed to Communism; what do you call this deal handed to the wheat growers in Saskatchewan?—Walter Smith, Swift Current, Sask.

A Misfire, Says He

Re Canadianecdote, Aug. 15 ("The Last Shots of the War"), by Kimball McIlroy. Being an artillery man with over five years' experience on the guns (3rd Division), I find quite a joke in the way the 4th Division carried out their order "empty guns." Every troop of guns carried a "projectile remover" which quite simply pushed the shell out by shoving the projectile remover down the muzzle and in most cases it came out quite easily.—"Gunner," Yellowknife.

(They had the removers, all right, says Mr. McIlroy, but didn't use them.—The Editors.)

Job for Editors

In reference to your editorial (Aug. 1) regarding the crushing majority of the Liberal Party. If a little more publicity was given to the fact that the Liberal candidates received no more than 50% of the votes cast it might open the eyes of the general public to the fact that what is needed is the transferable vote. There is no use waiting for the politicians to advocate this reform as it would not suit their purpose, but you editors might do something about it.—J. Houston, Grenfell, Sask.

He Takes Exception

I would like to compliment you on your editorial entitled "All Parties Should Declare Their War-Chest Donations" (July 15).

May I however make one correction? In the second paragraph you state "a change all parties would vehemently oppose." The exception which you should have made is the CCF which for many years has urged that this be done. We would welcome this action because it is still as true as ever that "he who pays the piper calls the tune."—M. H. Feeley, Preeceville, Sack

Cruel to Scouts?

Could anything be more hideous and disgusting than the cover on Sept. 1 Maclean's? I am sure the Boy Scouts are not honored therein but perhaps it is meant to caricature that fine organization. What is the point in making people look like fools—senseless idiots? Some of the covers during the first quarter of the year were so inspiring it seems like an anticlimax.—Miss Mabel Archibald, Saint John, N.B.

IS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION DUE?

Subscribers receiving notice of the approaching expiration of their subscriptions are reminded of the necessity of sending in their renewal orders promptly. The demand for copies to fill new orders is so great that we cannot guarantee the mailing of even a single issue beyond the period covered by your subscription. To avoid disappointment, your renewal order should be mailed to us promptly when you receive the "expiration" notice.

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ordinary riveted linings used previously was from 12,000 to 14,000 miles." Reports from coast-to-coast in Canada tell the same story . . . Chryco Cyclebond Brake Linings give

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MAILBAG

He Says We Played Santa to the Hun

Orchids to Maclean's for bringing to the people of Canada a story by a brilliant writer and soldier. The story in Sept. 15 by Colonel W. W. Murray, O.B.E., M.C. and bar, on "How We Tricked the Nazi Spies" is a very interesting and timely piece of writing.—D. R. Hogan, Rivers, Man.

• It was with considerable amusement and disgust that I read Col. Murray explaining how clever we were and how stupid the Nazi.

It is nice to know that our puttyheaded greybeards on Parliament Hill took Noel Coward's song "Let's Not Be Beastly to the Germans" to heart. To think our planners had to worry

To think our planners had to worry about news leaking out in prisoner's mail before such a critical operation as the invasion. Did it not occur to anyone to simply hold up all out-going enemy mail? I was eight months waiting for my first letter from home but then I was an actual P.O.W. and not enjoying a sojourn in a rest camp where the guests received a beer, chocolate and cigarette ration and rioted if anything disrupted delivery of these luxuries. No, we got turnips, rotten potatoes (when our luck was in) plus 2 slices of sour black bread daily for the last 4 months when the Red Cross parcels stopped.

Our Brain Trust in Ottawa behind their shiny desks were sleek and wellfed so I guess it was easy for them to play Santa to the Hun.—Ex.-Flt. Lieut. W. H. Brown, Montreal.

What About Fritz?

Thanks for your editorial "No Tears for Fritz, Please" (Aug. 15). It's overdue in many other U. S. and Canadian journals, but I see no reason why western Europe needs a self-supporting non-Communistic Germany to stay in business. Quite the contrary, the main trouble both for Germany and her neighbors is that Bismarck made her too big.—Thomas Raymond, Toronto.

• . . . The way you want to keep down an enemy that has been overpunished is disgraceful and must make every Canadian feel ashamed. You mention Coventry, Lidice and Belsen. What about Hamburg and the atomic bombing of Japan?—Sepp Bayer, Vancouver.

Calling a Cameraman

I enjoyed very much "Ivy in the Ruins—on the Beach, a Bitter Ghost" by L. S. B. Shapiro and Ken Bell. (Sept 1). There are many Canadian soldiers who would agree with Mr. Shapiro's bitterness about the war which, so far, has not ended all wars.

I landed at Courselles on D-Day with "B" squadron of the Sixth Armored Regiment. On the beach I met a young photographer who had lost everything he had, except his tiny movie camera. He complained that he had lost the small key with which he started the camera. I offered him a small screw

driver and it worked okay. The last I saw of him he was heading toward the shooting part of the war intent on getting some pictures.

getting some pictures.

I quite often wonder what became of him. Did he get his pictures? Did he survive the war? I sure hope so. I hope he reads this and drops me a line or two.—A. O. Dodds, 1284 West Sixth, Vancouver.

Honey of a Story

Your Aug. 15 number is of such all-round excellence that I feel I must stand up and testify. That Sidney Katz story on the Toronto newspapers is a honey. A newcomer to these parts, I frequently have noticed that where two or three are gathered together here, they are apt to be wondering how so fine a city got stuck with two such papers.—W. G. Allen, Newton Robinson, Ont.

Falling for a Fallacy

I am surprised that the staff of Maclean's should be so illiterate scientifically as to swallow the idea of a leaky sailboat being kept afloat by a

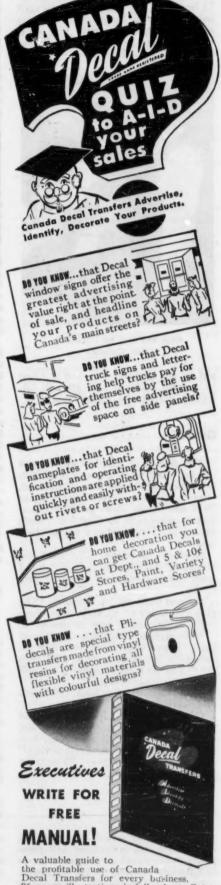


syphon. This perpetual motion idea is set forth by Steve Hail in his story "Spinnaker Spinster" in your magazine of Sept. 1.—E. W. Wadge, Montreal.

School Memories

The article "School and Me," by Ernest Buckler (Sept. 1) prompts me to write this letter. It is one of the best I ever read and I enjoyed it thoroughly.—Mrs. Edith H. Guyer, Hughesville, Pa.

• One all-important day was not mentioned—the first day of school when no one dared arrive later than 7.30 a.m. if he wished to obtain the popular "back seat." Much to the su prise of the pupil who gained this coveted position he was usually moved



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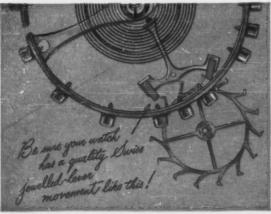


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lives. Your dependable jeweller has a wide choice of fine Swiss watches for men and for women to show you. If they have quality jewelled-lever movements, they are timekeeping masterpieces of craftsmanship in the Swiss tradition.



There's romance ages old in the watch you buy—the heritage of nearly three centuries of the Swiss watchmaker's art. Truly, a smart Swiss jewelled-lever watch is a treasure of lasting pride—for you—or for the fortunate one who receives it from you.



Make sure that the watch you buy has a quality jewelled-lever movement, the invention of Swiss craftsmen. It's this jewelled-lever movement that assures you of top value and fine performance for your watch. Don't be fooled by so-called "watch bargains"—you usually get just about what you pay for.

How do you say Forever?



Ask your jeweller to show you new self-winding, calendar, shock-resistant and water-repellent watches, chronographs, chronometers, and other Swiss innovations. In every watch, it's the movement that counts—so be sure your new watch has a quality Swiss jewelled-lever movement.



A watch is like a living thing—it needs expert care
the care Canadian jewellers are equipped to give
it, economically and promptly—thanks to the Swiss Watch
Repair Parts Programme. When you buy a watch, rely
on your dependable jeweller—he'll show you the best
jewelled-lever Swiss movements in your price range.

For the gifts you'll give with pride-let your jeweller be your guide

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND





PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

THIS ONE reached us in a roundabout fashion from a Parade scout in Vancouver who overheard a woman there recalling to a friend the highlight of her days as a student nurse in Winnipeg. It happened the first day she was left on own with six patients to care for in the male surgery ward, and she hustled to get them all cleaned up before the supervisor made her daily inspection. The new girl's only bad moment came when she discovered the supply cupboard fresh out of fresh nightgowns; then in another cupboard she found an odd-style gown she had never seen before but which she quickly decided to press into service. The patients climbed into them uncomplainingly, and when the supervisor arrived she went down the ward nodding in somewhat mystified approval. "Liveliest bunch of patients I ever saw in shrouds," she commented.

We don't know how this fellow in Red Deer heard about it but we think we should pass on his report of the Eskimo in an Arctic outpost who somehow acquired an old and battered typewriter. The northerner didn't have a clue what the thing was for until a friend who had been "outside" to Vancouver explained in great detail just how big a place the typewriter holds in the white man's scheme of things. Now the proud owner sits in his tent pecking away at the keys,—any keys in any order. Periodically he snatches the piece of paper out of the typewriter and hands this to an Eskimo urchin who races



away with it to the friend's tent. He, in turn, pencils some meaningless marks on the note, and back rushes the youngster with the reply. Business goes happily on like this all day long, and it's a good thing the long Arctic days are getting shorter or the fellow will be hiring a secretary and cultivating an ulcer.

Fall fairs held across the country invariably uncover a lot of unknown talent. One Fort William youth won the award he had his heart set on by borrowing a dollar from his mother, buying a hen with the buck, entering the hen in the Lakehead Exhibition

poultry show and subsequently selling the hen to his mother for a dollar with which to return his loan. The hen didn't collect any ribbons but it won him an exhibitor's pass for the entire week of the exhibition.

Folks take a kindly, considerate view of life down in Chicoutimi, "Queen City of the Saguenay River Country"; even jailers and their wards are thoughtful and considerate of each other's problems. For



instance, the other day one inmate of the local jail grew lonely for his family and abruptly turned his back on the hoosegow and headed home. The head guard, an understanding fellow, didn't say anything for the first 24 hours but when his man didn't return he became just a mite provoked. So he reached for the telephone and called his vanished trusty: "Listen, Joe—why don't you come back? We are good to you, my friend: come back!"

Joe was back in the clink same night.

Girl in Stratford, Ont., made a trip to Montreal not long ago. Boarding the night train at Toronto she was shown to her berth by a solicitous porter who wished her a good night's sleep. She laughed that one right off: "I never sleep a wink on the train."

"Not this trip, lady—you'll sleep fine tonight," insisted the porter—and it only seemed like about three winks later that she was wriggling into her clothes in the Montreal suburbs and the same porter was greeting her reappearance through the green curtains with a cheery "Good morning, Ma'am." Then he declared, "You slept well, like I said?"

"Why, yes—I slept like I never have before on a train. But how did you know I would?" she demanded.

"That's easy, lady—the president of the CNR was riding one car behind!"

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